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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are glad to be able to avail ourselves of part of a letter from Mr. Walsh to the National Intelligencer, dated Paris, 16 June.

"Some days of hot weather have stimulated the two French Chambers. They are huddling business; the deputies gallop through the enormous budget—nearly fourteen hundred millions of francs. Their impatience will enable the ministry to carry with comparative ease measures which, at an earlier period, would be formidably resisted. The opposition here neither coöperate nor contend with the cabinet as judiciously and strenuously as the whigs do in the British parliament. The session is likely to end in the first fortnight of next month.

"The new comet occupies our savans and stargazers; the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Nemours at Windsor, our court; railroad speculations, half the people of any capital or credit; General Tom Thumb, nearly all classes; the new Treaty of Visit, the politicians. The clerical and religious question has been revived in both chambers this week; it gives birth daily to books and pamphlets; the professors in the College of France lecture against all priesthood, all Catholicity, and, indeed, all Christianity; the bishops and abbés work boldly and wisely for their cause: they were not the aggressors; but they have formed themselves into a party which, by the junction of semipious political laymen, becomes invidious and uncomfortable for the government. The exhibitions of domestic manufactures at Vienna and Madrid are described in our journals from personal and intelligent observation. Austrians and Spaniards

even had made greater progress than was supposed abroad. The Vienna display was not, on the whole, equal to that of Berlin. A national American exhibition might astonish European inspectors. The Paris *Moniteur*, of the 13th instant, contains, *in extenso*, the French tariff as recently altered and modified. It deserves the attention of your merchants and legislators. So does the report from a committee of the chamber of deputies on steam navigation and the transatlantic lines which this government is so slow in establishing, either by definite law or suitable action. Observe the recent statements of Sir G. Cockburn in the British parliament:

"With respect to the position of the machinery in steam vessels, the Admiralty were taking care that in all vessels for the future the machinery would be placed as low as possible in the hull, and he would venture to say that in that respect our steamships were as good as any France possessed. The exposure of their machinery to shots was one to which all steam vessels had been hitherto liable, and they were endeavoring to remedy it as far as they could. He hoped also to have those ships propelled by the screw instead of by the paddle. [Hear, hear.] They had but recently adopted the Archimedean screw for the propulsion of ships, and he had no doubt that it would eventually supersede all other methods. [Hear, hear.] Then, if that were the case, and if these improvements were continually in progress, it would be the height of imprudence to go on building ships to any great extent. [Hear, hear.] He believed that our navy was in a most efficient state, and fit to go to war with any foreign power. There were not only the

104 steam vessels in her majesty's navy, but there was also our vast merchant steam navy—with these, in the event of a war, we might defy the world.'

"Mr. Somers added:

"At this moment we are in possession of a fleet of upwards of 104 sail of steam vessels, out of which number there are 24 from 1,000 to 1,800 tons' burden. [Cheers.] All those which are of 1,800 tons are capable of carrying their stern guns on the main deck.'

"In the final debate of the deputies on the bill for the modification of slavery in the French possessions, Berryer, the great orator of the legitimists, paid, in a splendid harangue, some high compliments to the sagacity and frank energy of Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, and to the discernment and talents of American statesmen in general.

"Mr. Guizot reappeared in the chamber of deputies on the 10th instant, with traces of his malady on his face; a little theatrical effect was studied, as the budget of his department was to be submitted and his new Treaty of Visit with Great Britain brought on the tapis. His political friends and enemies both greeted him with marks of satisfaction. The former had felt the absence of their leader and orator; the latter like to bait him and to contend with a responsible substantive manager of government. The debate raised on the whole foreign policy is worthy of all attention. It seems to me that Billaut and De Beaumont, who spoke for the opposition, had decidedly the advantage in the points of fact, national sentiment, and sound reasoning. The valetudinary minister was not less intrepid, rhetorical, and plausible than ever; he could not, in the end, deny the allegations of his adversaries that the instructions of the French cabinet to their diplomatic agent in Texas passed through the hands of Lord Aberdeen, and that he had fully coöperated with the British government in endeavoring to prolong and fix the independence of that region. He broached a theory and scheme of a balance of power for the American continent, which means nothing more than the limitation of the aggrandizement of our union—a general check and control of republican power—by means of British influence and strength. This requires the head of every denomination of American statesmen and patriots. Texas was the last stake of Great Britain for offensive or primary antagonism to the United States. In Canada, she can be only on the defensive. Oregon is too remote and precarious for material operations of a general or vital nature. Several of the Paris editors have shown how chimerical in itself and how inexpedient for France, is this unexpected, far-fetched theory. *La Presse* (conservative) says:

"We do not find in this opinion any marks of the sagacity which distinguishes M. Guizot. The interest of France is not to favor the breaking up into pieces of the American continent, and the creation of a crowd of little states, possessing neither vitality nor real independence. That is the interest of England, not ours. It would be better for us, and for America herself, that Texas, on which we have no claim, should be protected, defended, and fortified by the only power of that vast continent having strength and good prospects, than that it should remain under the dominion of anarchy, foreign intrigues, and all the causes of destruction and ruin which act so deplorably on most of the other independent republics of the New World.'

"The first article of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, issued yesterday, an article of forty-three pages, is an able inquiry by the Deputy Monsieur Duvergier de Hauranne, into the present relations of France and England, and the reëstablishment of the alliance. He severely and minutely criticises the doctrines and measures of the Soult-Guizot cabinet. He dwells on the superior importance for France of the best understanding with the United States; their ultimate cause, he argues, is the same; 'independently of all positive concert or league, the greatness of France is strength for the United States, and *vice versa*.' 'Until lately,' he adds, 'I could not believe that our legations in Texas and Mexico received the same instructions as the British; but the language of M. Guizot, on the 10th instant, has set me right and determined the fact. And after this incredible, infatuated proceeding, the minister prates to us of I know not what equilibrium to be maintained in America between the United States and Great Britain. He wants three balances of power—one in Europe, another in Asia, the third in America! And, forsooth, M. Guizot would throw the weight of France in America into the British scale; for, as Mr. De Beaumont and Mr. De Lasteyne said, in the debate, Texas must be virtually either British or American; she cannot be really independent. This question will doubtless recur in the chambers, and the opposition will do their duty: France cannot, without repudiating all common sense and foresight, become the ally of England against the United States.'

"This sentiment is not confined to the opposition. The new Treaty of Visit, or convention about the slave-trade, has found more favor with them than its real purport and design justifies; the *Journal des Debats* of this morning has a long article of triumph over them, for their compulsory approval. There will be a rough scrutiny, however, and bold exposition when the document is directly subjected to attack and defence in the chambers. In common with the *London Times* and the *Chronicle*, the *Debats* at first declared that the United States had explicitly or implicitly conceded to the British cabinet 'the right of visit, in time of peace, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a vessel be of the nation whose flag it shows,' which, in the new convention, France admits and sustains in regard to all flags, besides assimilating the slave-trade to piracy under the law of nations and vindicating the other pretension by this interpolation of the two contracting powers. Several of the Paris prints manifest a better acquaintance with the official notes of the American government on the subject. *La Presse* of this day avers that the right of visit to ascertain the truth of a flag has never obtained, under the law of nations, in time of peace, and protests against the new and arbitrary extension of piracy.

"The 'Republic of California,' just announced to us in the advices by the steamer of the 1st instant from Boston, dismays the monarchical zealots on both sides of the channel. They image to themselves an Anglo-Saxon republican empire, embracing the whole of North America, and rendering royalty impossible in any division of the western hemisphere.

"The American notion of an electrical telegraph between America and Europe excites a sensation. It will go, next, round and across the world."

From Chambers' Journal.

MRS. STONE'S CHRONICLES OF FASHION.*

THIS book seems entitled to a respectable place among the lounging productions of the day. It assembles from all sources, accessible and otherwise, and strings up in a pleasant style, traits and anecdotes illustrative of the "Cynthia of the minute," in eating, dressing, and amusements, during the last two centuries. It is essentially a chronicle of that small body of people who, since Elizabeth's time, have been accustomed to assemble in London for a portion of the year, and there live in each others' eyes a life of vanity and vacuity, seeking in mere frivolous amusement, and in the cultivation of fine external appearances, that excitement which affluent circumstances deny their finding in any of the common pursuits of the world. We cannot say that this is a subject much concerning any rational person, or of any absolute dignity or importance: were we inclined to speak strongly, we might say something to the contrary purpose, besides remarking on the indecencies which some of its chapters necessarily involve. But the real object is only to amuse, and we take the book as we find it.

A chapter on Banquets and Food, with which the work opens, runs rapidly along from the coarse revels of James I.'s court to the luxurious but still inelegant entertainments of the second Charles, and thence to more refined table affairs of the eighteenth century, introducing tea and coffee by the way. One reference to a peculiarly idealized kind of banquet, given by the Duke of Buckingham about 1626, we cannot overlook. "Ballets, accompanied by beautiful music, were performed between the courses; and indeed the arrangements seem to have been so managed, that the very matter-of-fact services of moving and replacing dishes were poetized by being done by attendants in fancy dresses, made to assimilate in appearance, and possibly in some degree to tally in action, with the subject and scene of the ballet. After dinner, they proceeded to the hall by a kind of turning door, which, admitting only one at a time, prevented all confusion, and another ballet was exhibited. To this succeeded dancing, and afterwards a supper of 'five different collations' was served in beautiful vaulted apartments." It may interest the reader to know the origin of the word toast, as implying the object of a health drinking. "It happened that on a public day [at Bath in the reign of Charles II.] a celebrated beauty of those times was in the cross-bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honor which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a toast.

The next chapter, on Manners, gives a distressing view of the coarseness and essential vulgarity which have marked the "fashionable" class in this country almost to our own time. Next follow chapters on Habitations and Carriages. Amuse-

ments, as might be expected, fill a large space, including theatricals, balls, masquerades, Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, &c. The impression everywhere conveyed is, that an improvement, both in morality and in taste, has taken place since the days of our fathers. It will surprise many who think that our ancestors surpassed us at least in religion, to know that almost to the close of the last century the court received company, and fashionable people in London had card parties, on Sunday. Even Queen Anne, that stanch friend of the church, "was in the habit of having prayers read in an outer room while she dressed in an inner one. On one occasion the door was ordered to be shut whilst the queen changed some linen, and the chaplain ceased to read; on Anne expressing surprise at this, he had spirit enough to say that 'he would not whistle the word of God through a key-hole.'" It appears from the Spectator, that fashionables always saluted each other, and often interchanged words and snuff-boxes, in church.

"Almack's" took its rise at the close of the seven years' war, in consequence of the reduced state in which many of the upper classes were left by that contest, and to keep off the citizen class, who at the same time had been making rapid advances. Being no longer able to maintain their peculiar ground by expensive entertainments, they were obliged to resort to the expedient of a rigid exclusivism. At that time, and down till the close of the century, the minuet was a favorite dance—a slow and stately exhibition of a single pair in the midst of a circle of onlookers. "At Bath," we are told, "each gentleman was expected to dance two minuets, and on the conclusion of the first, the master of the ceremonies led the lady to her seat, and conducted another fair one to the expecting gentleman, who stood awaiting her in *statu quo*, with his opera hat and his 'dancing feet' in the most perfect position which the skill of his dancing-master or his own good taste enabled him to assume." Rather a nervous situation this, one should think; certainly quite enough to make a young man not thoroughly seasoned to the exhibition feel "rather all-overish." The young ladies of that day, too, must have had considerable nerves to brave the slow ordeal of a minuet with the eyes of a whole assembly of scrutinizing dowagers, jealous-eyed young ladies, and quizzical men fixed upon them. But if to dance a minuet well required a degree of self-possession not always found in very young persons, it also entailed inevitably the cultivation of some degree of grace and dignity in manner and in movement—circumstances which, as every one knows, are by no means indispensable to the performance of the modern quadrille, or to the mazurka, or to the gallopade, or to the polka. No, it must surely be in the performance of the stately and graceful minuet—a descendant of the *pavan* of the knights and dames of chivalrous times—it must certainly be in the performance of the minuet that a woman dancing may claim the epithet which has been bestowed upon her—"a brandished torch of beauty."

In the time of the minuet, a circle was the form which company always took in a drawing-room when not employed at cards or in dances where many couples were engaged. This was a dull and chilling mode, and seems to have been felt as an intolerable tyranny by at least the gentlemen. The custom was first broken through by a Mrs. Vesey, than whom none was better qualified to venture on such a revolution, as she is said to

*Chronicles of Fashion; from the time of Elizabeth to the early part of the nineteenth century, in Manners, Amusements, Banquets, Costume, &c. By Mrs. Stone, authoress of 'The Art of Needlework,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1845.

have been "the charm of every society." The means adopted consisted in simply throwing the chairs into little dispersed groups throughout the room. "Mrs. Vesey's parties have been thus described:—Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance—no rules of conversation to observe—no holding forth of one to his own distress and the stupefying of his audience—no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groups, perpetually varying and changing; they talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety; and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation. In these parties were to be met with occasionally most of the persons of note and eminence, in different ways, who were in London either for the whole or part of the winter. Bishops and wits, noblemen and authors, politicians and scholars—

'Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place'—

all met there without ceremony, and mixed in easy conversation.'"

We would here venture to remark, for the benefit of persons of mediocre rank who occasionally see company, that much more lies in the arrangement of the mere upholstery than they may be dreaming of. Two rows of sofas and chairs proceeding from the respective sides of a fireplace form too often the leading arrangement, the consequence of which is, that the company sits down in two still formal lines, where no one can speak to any but his next neighbors. And as changes in such a situation draw attention, it generally happens that each person is condemned to the society of two others only, for the whole evening. The case becomes worse when, as is often seen, the ladies are preferred to the seats on the sofas by themselves; for then they exchange not one word with a person of the opposite sex for the whole evening. Let our friends of the middle classes adopt and act upon Mrs. Vesey's ideas about furniture, and they will find their parties increase amazingly in popularity.

Stars of fashion, eminent beaux, and fashionable watering-places, fill up a few chapters agreeably, and finally we come to an elaborate section on costume. Here a few passages may be selected almost at random, as the whole is amusing. After an account of *etui-cases*, our authoress thus proceeds:—

"It was in vain that Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff intimates that he compelled or persuaded his sister, Mrs. Jenny, to 'resign her snuff-box forever,' on her marriage;* for all men and women, high and low, young and old, were inveterate snuff-takers during the last century; and indeed this dirty habit has only lately subsided, being upheld in the highest fashion by the practice and example of Queen Charlotte, and her son King George IV. At one time the same necessity which led to the

adoption of strong perfumes might justify the use of snuff, otherwise fashion itself would hardly seem to account for its very general and excessive consumption. Of course the form and garniture of the snuff-box itself became a point of importance to the critically-dressed leader of ton, and on nothing has a greater profusion of taste, fancy, expense, and skill been lavished, than on the snuff-box. They became an article of virtue, critically assorted by collectors, and a choice and *recherché* offering of compliment in every possible way, as much so as the Spanish embroidered gloves of Elizabeth's day. The freedom of cities was given in a snuff-box, the donations of the charitable were handed in a snuff-box, the portrait of majesty was bestowed on a snuff-box, and the right hand of fellowship was extended with a snuff-box. A snuff-box, erstwhile, has been a fatal gift.

"The fair one who was proof against a jewelled necklace could not resist a diamond snuff-box; nor could a patriot resist the conviction which flashed before his eyes on opening for nasal refreshment the 'slight token of regard' which bore his royal master's portrait enamelled and jewelled on the lid.

"Edward Wortley Montagu, the eccentric son of Lady Mary, is said to have possessed more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses—a collection which perhaps was never equalled unless by that of King George IV., who was not less extravagant and *recherché* in snuff and snuff-boxes than in other things.

"Frederick the Great of Prussia had a magnificent collection of snuff-boxes; he carried one of enormous size, and took it not by pinches but by handfuls. It was difficult to approach him without sneezing; and it was said that the perquisites that came to the valets-de-chambre from the snuff they got from drying his handkerchiefs were considerable.

"Beau Brummell had a remarkable collection of snuff-boxes. He and his royal patron were both remarkable for a peculiar and graceful manner of opening the snuff-box with one hand only—the left. Probably in these latter days, when perfect repose and quietude are the essence of good breeding, any display with the snuff-box farther than a very slight 'illustration' of the jewelled finger in raising the lid of the box might be considered as *trop prononcé* for elegance; but such was not the idea of our great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers. They seem to have displayed it most actively and elaborately, if we may judge from a satirical advertisement which appeared in the Spectator.

"The exercise of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand; and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toyshop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

"N. B.—The undertaker does not question

* Tatler, No. 79.

but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion.*

"A marvellous and spirit-stirring sight our grand-mothers must have presented, with the fans which are represented as doing so much execution, and which were of a size to do execution, being often not less than a yard wide. The Spectator informs us, that 'women are armed with fans as men with swords;' and we almost think it must have been so too, from the accounts we read of the various exercises and evolutions they performed with them, and the execution dire that was sometimes perpetrated by their means. The most effective exercise of the fan, as well as the most difficult to learn, for, according to the Spectator, its acquisition took three months, was the flutter of the fan—as this flutter was capable of expressing any emotion which might agitate the bosom of the fair holder at the moment. There was 'the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter.' Nay, the Spectator declares that he could tell by merely seeing the fan of a disciplined landlady, whether she were laughing, frowning, or blushing at the moment. It was in truth 'a wondrous engine,' and well might the careful guardian

'his lonely charge remind

Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once displayed for use and pride,
A wondrous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breast, and every other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The powers that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its numerous uses, motions, charms, and arts;
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
The afflicted fair one's blubbered beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap!"

"Very different were the fans of this day from the wavering group of feathers, with its jewelled handle, which Queen Elizabeth and her fair attendants fluttered. The Duchess of Portsmouth, King Charles' French mistress, wore a fan not unlike those of later times in shape. Madame de Maintenon had a most interesting one, on which her own apartment was represented to the life. The king appeared employed at his desk, Madame de Maintenon spinning, the Duchess of Burgundy at play, Mademoiselle d'Aubigny, niece to Madame de Maintenon, at her collation. Those of the Spectator's day were large, substantial, elaborate affairs, and, like some fashionable claptrops of the present time, quite 'pictorial.' At the time of Sacheverell's trial, nothing was seen on the fans of the high-church ladies but 'pictorial' representations of Westminster Hall at the time of trial, with the meek and interesting 'victim' at the bar. When Gulliver's Travels appeared, all the fans at the church and the opera testified the delight of

the fashionable world in that production. One was sent as a present from a great person here to Lady Bolingbroke, with all the principal scenes from that celebrated work painted on both sides of the fan. When the Beggars' Opera was the rage, all the favorite songs in it were painted on the ladies' fans.

"Political emblems were so rife in those beligerent days, that a lady's opinions were known as well by her fan as by her patches. Fashionable women never appeared without their fans. They would as soon, perhaps sooner, have gone without their gowns. From the time of their rising in the morning to that of their retiring at night, at church or at market, in the crowded assembly or the solitary sick-room—everywhere, suspended from her wrist, the fashionable woman carried her fan.

"It need hardly be said that fan-making was, in the last century, an extensive and important business, and called into requisition the talents of the highest painters and the first-rate mechanicians. If they yielded in grace and elegance to those of Elizabeth's day, they did not in richness and magnificence. The handles were often splendidly mounted in diamonds, and inlaid with jewels; the fans exquisitely painted by first-rate artists. Many celebrated artists of fifty years since began life as fan painters. Miss Burney mentions several beautiful fans which she saw at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, painted on leather by Poggi, from designs of West, Reynolds, Cipriani, and others, which she says 'were more delightful than can well be imagined.' One was bespoken by the Duchess of Devonshire, as a gift to be sent abroad. This is by no means a solitary instance of fans of English manufacture being sent abroad as presents, yet it often appears that the Parisian ones were preferred in England. Walpole frequently writes to friends abroad, and when on the continent himself, is usually commissioned to procure fans for his friends. The Duchess of York, soon after her arrival in this country, displayed a splendid fan, 'entirely of diamonds, with an ivory mounting, the sticks pierced and set with brilliants in a mosaic pattern; but the outside ones were set with a single row of diamonds, while very large brilliants fastened the fan at the bottom.'

"The fan, though dwindled immeasurably from the magnificence of its predecessors, dwarfed in size, and

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from its high estate

as an accredited instrument of coquetry—the fan, 'all that remained of it,' as Curran said of himself when obliged to plead without his wig—the fan, such as it was, was used, not elaborately, not conspicuously, not *avec prétension* as in the good old times—but still sleepily and languidly it was used even in this century. For many years it has been extinct, but appears now to be reviving. Some very beautiful ones have of late been exhibited by our caterers in virtue, and they are beginning to peep between the folds of satin and of the intricacies of lace in some of our aristocratic shops. What may this portend? Should the fan revive, may we hope that a new Spectator will arise phoenix-like to teach us its exercise!"

There is, we believe, no part of the human person which has been so much the sport of fashion as the head. On this subject we have a few pleasant gossipries:—"It now only remains," says

* Spectator, No. 138.

Mrs. Stone, "to notice that twin abomination of the last century.

'The pride of the topping, delight of all eyes!
That *tête* which attempted to rival the skies;
Whence Cupid, the god, and destroyer of hearts,
With rancor elancing the keenest of darts,
Sat smiling in ambush.'

The *tête* indeed was a fitting accompaniment to the hoop; in fact, the one required the other. At the time when the hoop attained its greatest magnitude, a head the natural size would have appeared inconsistent, too minute for the enormous figure; and, *vice versa*, when headdresses, with their superstructures of feathers, flowers, gauze, &c., not to mention the still more absurd ornaments of bunches of vegetables, became so large that women of fashion were compelled to ride with their heads out of their carriage-windows, or kneel down in the carriage to accommodate them within, why, then, the most expanding hoop seemed to be only in fit proportion to the astonishing head.

"We have mentioned in our first volume, that in the time of Charles II. the falling and graceful ringlets of the 'beauties' were exchanged for stiff frizzled tiers of curls, which, becoming still stiffer, more elaborate, and more artificial, were at length manufactured into the tower or commode of 1687. Why the term commode has been applied to all sorts of inconveniences, we cannot imagine; but nothing could be more appropriate than the word *tower* to the style of headdress which it represents. By the aid of true and false hair, of cushions and rolls, and other supporting scaffolds, crowned by gauze and ribbons, a piece of architecture was achieved, which was piled—to speak classically—like a Pelion on Ossa on the heads of the fair fashionables of the times of Mary and Anne. This made fine hair a very valuable and saleable commodity. Malcolm gives an anecdote of a young country girl coming to London, and selling her hair for fifty pounds, there realizing the fortune which her lover's flinty-hearted father required, ere he would consent to their marriage. At a later period, the celebrated Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) sold her own beautiful hair in order to enable her husband (then in very narrow circumstances) to give a dinner of policy to a great man.

"The Duchess of Marlborough was noted for her beautiful hair, which, fortunately, she was not compelled to sell; though the circumstance of her cutting it off to spite the husband, who was affectionate and gallant enough greatly to admire it, is well known. Her daughter, Lady Sunderland, had equally beautiful hair, and was equally well aware of the circumstance; but, instead of parting with it in a fit of ill-temper, she tenderly cherished it, and was most peculiarly assiduous in combing, curling, and decorating it in the presence of those gentlemen whose political influence she wished to gain, and who were always courteously welcomed at her toilet.

"The Spectator says, 'Sempronia is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly trans-

sitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman! and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch!'

"To return to the towers. Queen Anne's good taste led her after a while to discontinue them, and to resume a more simple and natural coiffure. The Spectator thus alludes to the change:—'There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress; within my own memory I have known it rise and fall within thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that *we appeared as grasshoppers before them*. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their headdresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbons, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble: sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple.'

"The gentlemen's wigs had all this time been enormous. Queen Anne was quite a patroness of full-bottomed wigs; and when the 'Ramiliestie' came into fashion, by which the long waving curl, or to speak more accurately, the monstrous tail or fleece was gathered together by a ribbon behind, and one of her officers appeared at court in it, she said to a lady in waiting, 'I suppose that presently gentlemen will come to court in their jack-boots.'

"The large wigs were enormously expensive, costing as much, some of them, as forty guineas each. Of course they were as much in request amongst light-fingered gentry as a gentleman's watch; and incredible as it may appear, gentlemen were almost as easily deprived of them. We read in the Weekly Journal for March 30, 1717, that

the thieves have got such a villainous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney-coaches, and take away their wigs, or the fine headdresses of gentlewomen. So a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley-street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch-street; wherefore this may serve for a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit on the fore-seat, which will prevent that way of robbing. A most ingenious mode was for a thief to carry on his head a sharp boy in a covered basket, who, in passing through a crowd, would dexterously seize and conceal the most attractive-looking periwig."

The "Chronicles of Fashion" are embellished with many portraits, and the book is altogether a handsome, as it is a decidedly entertaining one.

CHILDREN.

[From "The Child of the Islands," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, newly published.]

YES, deem her mad! for holy is the sway
Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls new clothed in help-
less clay—

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end—

Angels unwinged—which human care must
tend

Till they can tread the world's rough path alone,
Serve for themselves, or in themselves offend.
But God o'erlooketh all from his high throne,
And sees, with eyes benign, their weakness—and
our own!

Therefore we pray for them, when sunset brings
Rest to the joyous heart and shining head;

When flowers are closed, and birds fold up their
wings,

And watchful mothers pass each cradle-bed
With hushed soft steps, and earnest eyes that
shed

Tears far more glad than smiling! Yea, all day
We bless them; while, by guileless pleasure
led,

Their voices echo in their gleesome play,
And their whole careless souls are making holi-
day.

And if, by Heaven's inscrutable decree,
Death calls, and human skill is vain to save;
If the bright child that clambered to our knee,
Cold and inactive, fills the silent grave;
Then with what wild lament we moan and
rave!

What passionate tears fall down in ceaseless
shower!

There lies Perfection!—there, of all life
gave—

The bud that would have proved the sweetest
flower

That ever woke to bloom within an earthly bower;

For in *this* hope our intellects abjure

All reason—all experience—and forego

Belief in that which only is secure,

Our natural chance and share of human wo.

The father pitieth David's heart-struck blow,

But for himself, such augury defies:

No future Absalom his love can know;

No pride, no passion, no rebellion lies

In the unsullied depth of those delightful eyes!

Their innocent faces open like a book,

Full of sweet prophecies of coming good;

And we who pore thereon with loving look,

Read what we most desire, not what we
should;

Even that which suits our own ambition's
mood.

The scholar sees distinction promised there—

The soldier, laurels in the field of blood—

The merchant, venturous skill and trading fair—

None read of broken hope—of failure—of despair!

Nor ever can a parent's gaze behold

Defect of Nature, as a stranger doth;

For these (with judgment true, severe, and cold)

Mark the ungainly step of heavy sloth—

Coarseness of features—tempers easy wroth:

But those, with dazzled hearts such errors spy,

(A halo of indulgence circling both:)

The plainest child a stranger passes by,

Shows lovely to the sight of some enamored eye!

The mother looketh from her latticed pane—

Her children's voices echoing sweet and clear:

With merry leap and bound her side they gain,

Offering their wild field-flow'rets: all are dear,

Yet still she listens with an absent ear:

For, while the strong and lovely round her press,

A halt uneven step sounds drawing near:

And all she leaves, that crippled child to bless,
Folding him to her heart with cherishing caress.

Yea, where the soul denies illumined grace

(The last, the worst, the fatallest defect,)

SHE, gazing earnest in that idiot face,

Thinks she perceives a dawn of intellect:

And, year by year, continues to expect

What time shall never bring, ere life be flown:

Still loving, hoping—patient, though deject,

Watching those eyes that answer not her own—

Near him, and yet how far! with him—but still
alone!

Want of attraction *this* love cannot mar;

Years of rebellion cannot blot it out:

The prodigal, returning from afar,

Still finds a welcome, given with song and
shout!

The father's hand, without reproach or doubt,
Clasps his—who caused them all such bitter
fears:

The mother's arms encircle him about:

That long dark course of alienated years,

Marked only by a burst of reconciling tears!

WAR.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

Thou blood-eclipse of nations, darkling o'er
Hopes that were lit by Heaven!—why comest
thou,

When we are winning to the wan Earth's brow
The primal lustre which its Eden wore?

'T is not that, wolf-like, thou wilt lap up blood,

For man is Death's; but, from thy gory hand,

Leash'd Crime and Madness, 'gainst a shriek-
ing land,

Are loos'd unto their revel. Not for good,

For virtue, nor for honor, does the cry

Ring through our shudd'ring valleys, where-
thy track

Will leave heart, hearth-stone—silent, cold and
black.

Why should Earth's last, fond, fairest hope thus
die?

Not for what now we are, but what may be,

Leave us to peace and hope—God and our destiny!

Graham's Magazine.

From the Art-Union.

THE RESTORATION OF OLD PICTURES.

To this subject it behoves us to give our best attention, if, as our German friends assure us, pure art perished with the Giotteschi; but, apart from the peculiar value of the works of these men, long might we cry "new pictures for old ones," without one blink of the success that attended the crier in the Arabian tale. Many valuable pictures have been utterly destroyed from unskilful treatment in restoring; hence, when property, valuable to the possessor beyond the mere sum it would produce, is so easily imperilled, it is desirable that every information on the subject of restoration should be freely circulated. The restoration of pictures has, not only among ourselves but among the Italian dealers, been so mixed up with the manufacture of (so called) ancient works, that we turn with pleasure to a notice in the "Kunstblatt," of the labors in this direction of an artist of credit and reputation.

This is the Conservator Eigner, of Augsburg, who in Stuttgart, among other commissions, was intrusted for restoration with a much-injured work of Correggio. It was a study for "The Danae" of that master, painted *alla prima* upon pressed paper, which had been pasted upon wood, whence it had partly separated. The artist now confesses this to have been the most delicate operation that, during the course of his lengthened and various experience, he ever undertook. He began by disengaging the wood from the paper, and then proceeded to remove the paper from the incredibly thin layer of color, and then the dust which had so intimately attached itself to the surface; and concluded his labor by transferring the painting to a new ground of wood, which he effected with such success that the picture is presented in all the freshness and brilliancy of the most perfect works of the master—a fact of which every one visiting Stuttgart may assure himself. We mention this as a most remarkable and interesting restoration; and many other instances of the skill and success of this artist might be cited, if such were necessary. It may be here observed that the operation of cleaning is, for the most part, effected by means of the brush or pencil; and that those portions necessarily supplied lie precisely level with the surface of the rest of the picture.

After such an example the wish may be expressed that artists qualified to deal with pictures of high class would turn their attention to this subject, which is by no means beneath them, since none else are capable of remedying really fine works, many of which, from ignorance and timidity of treatment, are neither arrested in their progress to decay, nor brought out in the real brilliancy of their coloring; and the galleries of Europe abound with pictures in this condition. Restorations are only successful when effected *con amore* with a perfect understanding of, and a fine feeling for, the master. Rösler, the restorer of the Madonna of Fuligno, was enthusiastic in his labors; as was Palmarioli, when left to his own discretion; and not less so is Eigner, in his own gallery in the quiet city of Augsburg. The cleaners and restorers of Venice have excelled all others: they removed with perfect success frescoes from the walls on which they had been painted, and performed to admiration every other delicate operation; and we may express surprise that the exer-

cise of these cares has not accompanied the works themselves in their wide distribution, or at least been called forth of necessity ere this.

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

It is more particularly in the forest that the grand and the picturesque, the sublime and the beautiful, form the most singular and fantastic combinations. From the loftiest giants of the forest, down to the humblest shrubs, all excite the astonishment of the spectator. By means of the parasites which form the most characteristic feature of the Brazilian forests, everything seems united in one community of being and of aim. These at first creeping parasites soon cling boldly and closely to the tree, climb it to a certain height, and then, letting their tops fall to earth, again take root there—again shoot up—push from branch to branch, from tree to tree in every direction, until, tangled, twisted, and knotted in every possible form, they festoon the whole forest with a drapery, in which a groundwork of the richest verdure is variegated with garlands of the most varied and many-colored flowers. Sometimes the parasites choke the tree which they embrace; the latter then decays and falls, while the former remain suspended, attached to the surrounding trees, and constantly increasing in thickness until they present the appearance of magnificent twisted columns, around which a fresh growth of plants soon rises, twining and clinging with a grace which is indescribable. In no other part of the world is nature so great a *coquette* as here. At every period in the life of plants her desire to please and to fascinate appears unlimited: all that is ugly, melancholy, or repulsive—all that speaks of gloom, decrepitude, or decay—is banished: the breath of an eternal spring is maintained throughout the forest, and flowers and fruit loading the same branch are presented in constant succession, and in colors ever fresh. If a tree wither, or shed its leaves, or begin to show symptoms of decay, thousands on thousands of plants climb it, and weave a robe with which to cover its inferior trunk and branches; and, having fulfilled this mission, redescend from the summit, playfully waving their plumes, sporting with and embracing millions of others which they meet on the way, until at length they lose themselves in the immensity of the thicket. If the tree decays, if it falls overwhelmed with age, nature hastens to conceal the horrors of death. She summons the moss and the lichens to prepare it a bed—she calls forth a thousand parasites to form a pall or covering for the couch. Thus, instead of the rotten and uprooted trunks which in our forests of North Europe exhibit scenes of naked desolation, we have here only so many gorgeous canopies, surmounting sofas velvetted with the rich and delicate plants which beautify the forest. If examined more closely, if this exquisite carpet be raised, a new world reveals itself; millions of worms, and millions of young plants, are springing from the bed of death and astonish the eye. Everything submits here as elsewhere to the law of nature; but here only nature conceals all the hideous processes of decomposition, and so embellishes the very shroud of death that it appears to the eye but as the graceful drapery of some festal scene.—*Journal of De Strzelecki, quoted in his Physical Description of New South Wales.*

From Chambers' Journal.

VISIT TO A "RAGGED SCHOOL."

"A RAGGED SCHOOL," quoth the reader; "pray what kind of school is that?" A few words will suffice to answer this inquiry. A "ragged school" is a Sunday school, established by private benevolence in a city district of the meanest kind, where every house is worn-out and crazy, and almost every tenant a beggar, or, perhaps, something worse. A school, moreover, in which no children are to be found who would be admitted into any other school; for, ragged, diseased, and crime-worn, their very appearance would scare away the children of well-conducted parents; and hence, if they were not educated there, they would receive no education at all.

In London there exist several "ragged schools;" one situated in the very heart of St. Giles'; another—the one we propose to sketch—established nigh that worse than St. Giles', Field-Lane, Smithfield—the headquarters of thieves, coiners, burglars, and the other outcasts of society. This Sunday school was founded in 1841, and originated in the benevolent efforts of Mr. Provan, a hero in humble life. After much exertion, especially in overcoming the objections of the parents, who considered the reformation of their offspring as the loss of so much capital, forty-five young persons, varying in age from six to eighteen, were induced to attend the school. At present, the average attendance on Sundays exceeds a hundred. The school is also opened three times a-week, when instruction of an ordinary kind is imparted gratuitously by a lady. Most—we might say all—of the fathers of the scholars belong to what may be called the predacious class, and the mothers fallen characters, who bear deep traces of guilt and disease in their countenances. Many of the children have been incarcerated for felony—educated thereby by their parents, as the trade whereby they are to live; and the destiny of all, unless better principles shall be implanted at school than can be acquired at home, is the hulks or Norfolk Island. All honor, then, to the brave men and women who have consecrated the day of rest to the god-like task of rescuing their fellow-creatures from a life of shame and misery—to change the ruffian into an honest man!

The Smithfield "ragged school" is situate at 65 West street, a locality where vice and fever hold fearful sway. To open it in any other neighborhood, would be to defeat the object of the projectors. The very habiliments of the boys, so patched, that the character of the original texture could scarcely be gleaned, would almost be sufficient to preclude their ingress to a more respectable neighborhood, and make them slink back abashed into their loathsome dens. It follows, that the object of the promoters of the "ragged school"—the in-gathering of the outcast—requires that it should be held amidst the homes of these outcasts. The house has that battered, worn aspect, which speaks of dissolute idleness; the windows are dark and dingy, and the street too narrow to admit a current of fresh air; and it needed, on the rainy day in March in which it was visited, but a slightly active imagination to call up visions of the robberies and murders which have been planned in it, and of which it has been the scene.

The entrance to the school was dark; and there being no windows to illuminate the rickety stair-

case, we stumbled into the school-room on the first floor before we were aware. On entering, the eye was greeted by a spectacle to which, from its mingled humor and pathos, the pencil of Hugarth could have alone done justice. We found a group of from forty to fifty girls in one room, and about sixty boys in another: the girls, although the offspring of thieves, quiet, winning, and maidenly; but the boys full of grimace and antics, and, by jest and cunning glances, evincing that they thought the idea of attending school fine fun. Foremost amongst them was a boy apparently aged seventeen, but as self-collected as a man of forty, of enormous head, and with a physiognomy in which cunning and wit were equally blended, whose mastery over the other boys was attested by their all addressing him as "captain." The boys had their wan, vice-worn faces as clean as could be expected, and their rags seemed refurbished up for the occasion; whilst their ready repartee, and striking original remarks, and the electric light of the eye, when some peculiar practical joke was perpetrated, evinced that intellect was there, however uncultivated or misused. Unless we are greatly self-deceived, we beheld in this unpromising assemblage as good a show of heads as we have ever seen in any other Sunday school, and the remark is justified by what we learned with respect to the shrewdness generally evinced by these children. The predominant temperament was the sanguine, a constitution which usually indicates great love for animal exercise; and during the time we were present, they appeared as if they could not sit quiet one moment—hands, feet, head, nay, the very trunk itself, seemed perpetually struggling to do something, and that something generally being found in sheer mischief.

Hymns were occasionally sung to lively measures, the girls singing with a sweetness and pathos that sunk deep into the heart; but the boys were continually grimacing and joking, dovetailing into the hymns the fag-ends of popular songs, yet all the time attempting to look grave and sober, as if they were paying the most respectful attention. When the superintendent told the boys that he was about to pitch the tune, and that they must follow him, the boy before mentioned as the captain cried out, in a stage-whisper, "Mr. — says we are to follow him; I wonder where he's going to!" a jest hailed with a general laugh by his confederates. During teaching, questions of an unanswerable character were submitted by the boys to their master; for example, "If you were starving and hungry, would n't you steal?" "What is the use of hanging Tapping; will that convert him?" Various other attempts were made by the captain to puzzle the teacher, and failing, he was heard to say, "That's no go—he is too deep for us."

Amongst these boys, however, were some to whom the word of kindness was evidently a "word in season," and who drank in the tender accents with which they were addressed—perchance for the first time—as if it were music to their souls. Then, again, were to be seen some poor puny lad, as gentle in mind as in body, who was obviously dying from unfitness to cope with the requirements of his circumstances—poor tender saplings, growing in an atmosphere which was too bleak for any but the forest oak to brave. Untrained, except to crime, as most of the children are, much good has already been effected. Most of the scholars can read, and books have been supplied suited to their

circumstances; and that the books are read with the understanding, is proved by the questions submitted to their teachers. Due honor to their parents has been taught. Many have thus become a comfort to homes to which they hitherto had been an additional curse; and many a mother, herself regenerated through the prattle of her child, has declared, with streaming eyes, "I thank God my girl ever went to school!" Some of the scholars have been partially clad by the Dorcas Society connected with the school; and the stress which has been laid upon personal cleanliness has served to educe proper feelings of self-esteem; no slight ingredient in civilization. Notwithstanding their many eccentricities, the children are really attached to their teachers; the girls coming forward from natural impulse, and with true politeness giving an affectionate "Good-by, teacher," even to the visitor; and the boys ever striving to please, in spite of their prevailing love of fun. One *outré* but characteristic instance of this affection for their teachers may be noticed. A teacher, in passing through Field-Lane, was attracted by a pugilistic contest; when, on remonstrating with them on their folly, one of the most brutal came up to him in a fighting attitude. Suddenly, a boy rushed through the crowd, and cried in stentorian tones, "You leave him alone, Bill, or I'll knock you down; don't you know that's my teacher?" If, then, to win the affections be the best prelude to the reformation of the debased, again we say, honor to those brave men and women who, despite the contempt and the slander of the Pharisee and the worldling, have not shrunk from trying to rescue from ruin the neglected youthful soul!

Our sketch ends here; but the "ragged school" was not visited for the mere gratification of curiosity, nor is that the motive which has induced us to describe the scene. A question entered our minds as we pondered over this visit, and a practical answer to which by our readers is the chief aim of the writer—"Why is there not a 'ragged school' in every large town of Great Britain?"

From Chambers' Journal.

JOHN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

EVERY one has heard of the so-called transcendental philosophy, which, from the time of its first promulgation by Immanuel Kant down to the present day, has exerted a powerful influence on the intellectual progress of Germany. In selecting for the subject of a biographical sketch one of its most distinguished teachers, we have not the slightest intention of giving any exposition of that profound metaphysical system. Fichte's career is in itself not devoid of interest, and we may perhaps gratify many of our readers by delineating the actual life of a German philosopher.

John Gottlieb Fichte was born at Rammenau, a hamlet of Saxony, on the 19th of May, 1760. His family, though humble, had been long settled in his native place: its founder was a Swedish sergeant in the army with which Gustavus Adolphus invaded Germany. Having been dangerously wounded in some skirmish in the neighborhood, this first of all the Fichtes was taken home, and carefully tended by a peasant of Rammenau. On his recovery, finding it impossible to rejoin his comrades, he remained with his benefactor, whose daughter he married; and on whose death he inherited a little copy-hold, which is still in the possession of his descendants.

The father of the philosopher, besides cultivating his few roods of ground, was a weaver, and disposed of the ribbons, which were the chief produce of his loom, in Rammenau and its vicinity. Fichte was happy in his parents. Though poor, they were not uneducated, and both were of a religious, kindly, industrious disposition. Almost from his birth they learned to regard their little Gottlieb with peculiar feelings. A granduncle of the mother's, an aged and pious man, whose sayings were treasured up by his neighbors as of prophetic import, was present at the baptism, and when he knelt over the cradle to give him blessing, he declared that the infant would be the consolation and special joy of his parents. The death, immediately afterwards, of this venerated person, added weight to the prediction, and Fichte, as he grew up, was allowed more freedom than the other children, who had begun to follow him in quick succession. His parents hoped to see him, before they died, a clergyman, perhaps the clergyman of Rammenau itself. When the labors of the loom and the garden were at an end for the day, his father taught him to read. The child was active and earnest in doing all that was prescribed him, but of a tranquil and thoughtful nature. He loved to steal away from home, and ramble at will among the surrounding fields, and might be seen—his affectionate biographer and son assures us—for long periods "standing and gazing steadfastly into the distance." Sometimes, when his absence was protracted beyond sunset, one of the shepherds, who were accustomed to his strange solitary ways, would disturb his meditations, and conduct the tiny dreamer home. No man was less of a sentimentalist than the stern Fichte, yet in after years he always looked back to those hours of early reverie as the fairest and happiest of his life.

He had reached his eighth year without having been sent to school, when a slight incident occurred which determined forever his future career. Diendorf, the village pastor, made the boy, whose quiet ways he liked, come now and then to his house. On one occasion he happened to ask him if he remembered anything of the preceding Sunday's sermon, and was astonished to hear his own composition, fluently and pretty accurately repeated, flow from the lips of the little peasant. He mentioned the circumstance to the chief persons of the neighborhood. Soon afterwards, a nobleman who admired Diendorf's preaching, the Baron von Miltitz, chancing in some company to express his regret at having missed the pastor's last discourse, it was said half-jokingly that there was a boy in the village who could repair the loss, and at last Fichte was sent for. He came, and, quite unabashed, began, as he was desired, to repeat what he recollected of the discourse: gradually, as he proceeded, he grew more and more vehement, and was forgetting the presence of his auditors, when the gentlemen, satisfied with the experiment, interrupted the stream of his oratory. But the good baron was touched by his warm feeling and ripe intelligence: he resolved that the boy should go home with him and receive a learned education. The parents were at first unwilling to send their child so young into the gay society of a nobleman's residence; but their scruples were overcome by the persuasions of Diendorf, and the kind promises of the baron himself, and Fichte was allowed to depart with his benefactor. He accompanied him to his estates, which were at some

distance from Rammenau, and was then, after a brief stay, sent to live with the clergyman of Niederau, near Meissen. This person and his wife were without family: they received their young charge with pleasure, and treated him as if he had been a child of their own. Here Fichte lived for some years, not only happy but industrious. He became well grounded in the classical languages; and finally, at the age of thirteen, his teacher declaring that from him he had nothing more to learn, he was removed by the baron to Pforta, the best and most celebrated of the state seminaries of Saxony.

For Fichte the change from the quiet country parsonage and its kind inmates to the rigor of a public school was at first anything but pleasing. He had been accustomed all his life to live much in the open air, but at Pforta the seclusion was almost unremitting: once a-week only the pupils were allowed exercise, and then their very sports were conducted under the eye of an usher. There prevailed, too, at that seminary, the system which in this country is called "fagging," and Fichte fell to the share of one of those brutal tyrants whom such a system alone can form among the young. Disgusted with the place, he determined to run away; and one day, after a prudent study of the map of Saxony, he made his escape, and took the road to Naumburg. All at once he remembered a saying of his good old teacher's, that every enterprise in life should be begun by prayer. He fell upon his knees by the road-side, and then the thought of his parents' sorrow when they should hear of his flight, overpowered him with remorse. He returned immediately to school. His absence had been observed, and he was taken before the rector, who, however, on hearing his simple story, not only remitted his punishment, but gave him in charge to another and a kinder master. From this time, no longer cramped by a slavery worse than it seems, he applied himself to his studies with successful vigor. At Pforta, with all its faults, there was every encouragement for a willing learner, and Fichte became an excellent scholar. Now, too, he began to know that there were other books in the world than those of Greece and Rome. He found means to procure some odd volumes of Wieland, Goethe, and Lessing, which he read in secret with delight. The last of these writers was his chief favorite: indeed, so great at this time was his enthusiasm for Lessing, that he resolved, so soon as he should arrive at the university, to wander forth and seek personal communion with that keen and genial thinker.

In his nineteenth year he repaired to the university of Jena; but soon after his arrival, the saddest cares interposed to prevent his visit to Lessing. The Baron von Miltitz died, and Fichte found that if he wished to study, he must trust to his own diligence, and not to the miserable pittance which, at irregular intervals too, was all that the kind nobleman's heirs chose to send him. For six years he managed to keep alive. During the first four he qualified himself for the degree of "Candidate of Theology;" but the incessant exertions requisite to gain a subsistence, left him latterly no time for the studies that might have enabled him to pass his final examination before the Saxon Ecclesiastical Consistory. No details have been given us of his privations, and we cannot therefore compare them with what we know to have been those of many a scholar—our own Dr. Adam, for instance, who was accustomed, when attending

Edinburgh college, to live during three months upon a single guinea. Fichte's biographer declares the sufferings of those probationary years to have been intense, yet indeed considers them for him more in the light of a blessing than a curse. In the opinion of his son, the hard conflict he had to maintain with poverty and famine developed in him, as nothing else could have done, that independence of spirit, and resolute, unflinching perseverance by which he was afterwards to effect so much, on a far wider scale, in the highest provinces of thought. Towards the close of his twenty-eighth year, his destitution seemed to have reached its height, and he abandoned the hope, that he had long cherished, of becoming one day the pastor of some quiet Saxon village. Too proud to ask for assistance, he saw nothing before him but death by starvation; and as he walked homeward on the eve of his twenty-ninth birthday, he doubted if he should live to see another. But to Fichte, as to so many others, help came when most wanted and least looked for. On arriving at his lodging he found a letter from Weisse,* with the offer of a tutorship in Zurich. He hastened to thank his friend, who perceived his emotion, and inquired the cause. Fichte's pride gave way. The good Weisse, cheered him not only with words but deeds, and helped him through the three hard months which were still to elapse before he entered on his situation.

On the 1st of September, 1788, Fichte found himself in Zurich. His pupils were a little boy and girl, the children of a wealthy innkeeper, who resigned them altogether to his care. But their other parent thought that Fichte wished to over-educate her children, and during the two years that he remained with them, she tried in all ways to thwart his efforts. Fichte saw that she, as well as his pupils, stood in need of reform. To effect this, he hit upon a plan which may appal our Scottish tutors; he kept a journal of her behavior to the little ones and to himself, which he laid before her weekly, pointing out whatever in her conduct he thought required amendment. His duties occupied him the principal part of the day; the evening he spent in literary composition (as yet his philosophical talent remained latent) or in the pleasant society of the place. With the worthy and whimsical Lavater he formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy. This led, during his stay in Zurich, to a far more important connection: Lavater introduced him to the weekly parties of a postmaster named Rahn, in a union with whose eldest daughter, Joanna Maria, (the god-daughter, and, by the mother's side, niece of the poet Klopstock,) Fichte was to find the highest earthly happiness of life. This gifted and affectionate lady was four years older than himself; both were past the age of youthful intoxicating passion, and the attachment which sprung up between them was grounded on a clear discernment of each other's genuine worth. Fichte became her accepted lover, and as his relations with his employers grew daily more painful, he left Zurich in the April of 1790, with letters from Lavater and Rahn to important personages at Stuttgart and Weimar, in the hope of obtaining a situation as reader at a court, or the superintendence of some young nobleman's university studies.

He met with no encouragement at Stuttgart,

* A well-known German writer of children's books, &c.

and proceeded to Weimar with the letters given him by Lavater for Herder and Goethe. Unhappily, Herder was seriously ill, and Goethe had gone to Italy, so that Fichte saw himself again thrown upon the world. He went to Leipsic to seek a livelihood in that great book mart as an author by profession. He endeavored, without success, to establish a sensible journal, and to find a purchaser for a volume of essays: he began a tragedy, and, what to those who know the man will seem strangest of all, he even wrote some tales. All his efforts were fruitless, and he was forced to betake himself to his old resource of private teaching, little dreaming what a priceless boon this despised occupation was about to put within his reach. One of the Leipsic students came to engage him for a daily lesson in the transcendental philosophy. Fichte knew Kant only by name and some vague reports; but now duty itself compelled him to study his works. To his surprise, he found, after the first attempts in the obscure writings of the Königsberg philosopher, a system of metaphysics and morals of such importance, as immediately to appear to him to deserve the careful study of all thoughtful persons. Henceforth, however changeful his outward lot, he had one fixed object before his inward eye; namely, to diffuse among his fellow-men a knowledge of what he considered the only true philosophy. During the autumn and following winter, he studied and re-studied Kant's principal works, and exercised himself in committing to paper their chief doctrines in the simpler and modified form which, after laborious reflection, they gradually acquired in his mind. He passed these months not only in cheerful activity, as a teacher and a student, but with the brightest anticipations; for it was arranged that in the spring he should be united to his betrothed, take up his residence with his father-in-law, freed from the pressure of actual want, bring himself by his pen before the public, and thus strive to secure for the future an honorable existence.

The April of 1791, however, found Fichte not flying on the wings of love to Zurich, but trudging on foot to a tutorship at Warsaw. The house in which Rahn's all was invested had failed, and father and daughter were uncertain how much might be saved from the wreck of their fortune. Fichte entered Warsaw on the 8th of June, to quit it on the 25th. He had formed his engagement with a Polish nobleman, a certain Count von P——, or rather with his wife, a gay, brilliant woman of the world. She had been accustomed, we suppose, to the brisk trenchant kind of tutor so amusingly described by Mr. Kohl in his *Russia*, and a specimen of which would make Dominie Sampson ejaculate his loudest "prodigious." She did not like poor Fichte's French accent, and there was not vivacity enough in his manner; so with a trifling sum, by way of compensation, the metaphysician was dismissed. That peculiar veneration for wisdom and wise men which had made him, when a schoolboy, meditate a pilgrimage to Lessing, now directed him, with higher views and deeper knowledge, to Königsberg, which was not far distant, and where Kant resided. His first interview disappointed him. He had come without a letter of introduction, and the calm old philosopher received his enthusiastic disciple rather stiffly. Fichte returned to his lodging, and in less than a month had completed a profound philosophical treatise, which he sent to Kant, from whom, on

his next visit, he met with the warmest reception. But, alas! his little stock of money was now drawing to an end; and the bookseller to whom Kant would have recommended his work was absent. We have now before us the letter which, in this emergency, he wrote to his master, requesting a small loan that he might return to Leipsic; and its calm dignity, far more touching than any pathos, might move, considering who was the writer, the heart of a Stoic. Kant declined: he himself, he assured Fichte, had been without funds for a fortnight.

This was the second time that Fichte had been brought on the verge of actual want; happily it was the last; and already, though he knew it not, better days were at hand. He had made some vain struggles to obtain private teaching, when suddenly a Königsberg acquaintance procured him a tutorship in the family of a nobleman near Dantzic. Recommended by Kant, it was with an ample salary that he accepted it; and he found himself in his new situation treated more as a friend than a dependent. Still greater happiness was in store for him. The bookseller returned to Königsberg, and consented to publish his work. Through some oversight it appeared anonymously. Coming from Königsberg, and written quite in the spirit, and with all the metaphysical acuteness of Kant, it was at once attributed to him. He, indeed, hastened to declare the real author; but meanwhile the book had obtained the sale which it deserved, and the enthusiastic criticisms already passed upon it could not be revoked. Nor was this all. The Rahns had recovered, and very advantageously invested a considerable portion of their property. There was nothing now to delay Fichte's union. Accordingly, in the summer of 1793, he bade farewell to his kind friends the Count and Countess von Krokow, and proceeded to Zurich, where, on the 23d of October, the marriage at last took place. After the vicissitudes of so agitated a life, Fichte was now to enjoy comparative repose. He was happy with the wife of his choice: at one stride he had gained the summit of philosophic fame, and the chief thinkers of Germany became his friends and correspondents. He had leisure for study and reflection. During the months which now passed at Zurich, he elaborated that modification of Kant's philosophy to which he gave the name "Doctrine of Science;" and in improving and teaching which, his best faculties and remaining days were henceforth successfully employed. From this point onwards, Fichte's career is far better known to the British reader than the portion of it we have been describing; we shall therefore compress as much as possible the rest of our narrative.

Towards the close of 1793, Reinhold, the professor of the Kantian philosophy at the university of Jena, removed to Kiel, and his friend Fichte was at once invited to supply his place. Fichte wished to delay his acceptance of the offer for a twelvemonth, which he purposed to spend in perfecting his theory; but the Weimar authorities laughed at his scruples, and replied that the university would suffer by the long vacancy of so important a chair; and in the May of 1794 he entered on his professional duties. Jena was then the most numerous attended of the German universities, and among its professors were the most distinguished teachers of Germany. On this account, and from the popularity of his predecessor, Fichte's arrival had been looked for with anxiety. At his

opening lecture the hall was crowded to excess; but both then and afterwards, the clearness which he gave to the most abstract of subjects, his lofty eloquence and impressive manner, far exceeded the expectations which his best friends had formed of his success. At Jena his situation was dignified and comfortable. In addition to other intimacies, he became the friend of Goethe and Schiller, and was enlisted by the latter among the contributors to his new periodical, "The Hours." Fichte was indefatigably earnest in discharging his duties as a professor. Besides sharpening in metaphysical inquiries the intellectual faculties of his scholars, he labored to purify and exalt their moral feelings and habits. With this view he delivered, over and above his ordinary course, a series of lectures "On the Vocation of the Scholar:" these were afterwards printed; and we can easily understand the abiding and ennobling influence which they are said to have exerted on his youthful and ingenuous hearers. One of his methods of rewarding the exertions of his class seems to us so novel and important, that we cannot refrain from mentioning it. He had established, in conjunction with Niethammer, a philosophical journal, and in that widely-circulated work he inserted from time to time a few of the most remarkable of the essays written for him by his students. Those who best know what young men are, will most appreciate the kindness and judgment displayed in this plan of Fichte's.

After five years of usefulness at Jena, some unpleasant disputes, which we have no inclination to detail here, forced him to resign his professorship, and in the July of 1799 he took up his residence at Berlin. During the next six years he lived a quiet but inwardly laborious life: he lectured occasionally to private audiences, and published several works: in both these enterprises his aim being so to expound the new philosophy that it might be understood by every person of intelligence, however unaccustomed to metaphysical inquiries. In 1805 he was appointed by the Prussian government professor of philosophy at Erlangen, where, in the summer of that year, he delivered that remarkable course of lectures "On the Nature of the Scholar," to which the attention of thinkers has been so strongly drawn by Mr. Carlyle in the *Edinburgh Review*. The following year Prussia, after long wavering, determined on a war with France. Fichte saw, in the success of his adopted country, the only hope for the emancipation of the continent from the despotism of Napoleon, and he resolved that what help he could give should not be wanting in the struggle. He requested leave to accompany the army, that he might animate by words the heroism of the soldiers, since he could not, "like *Æschylus* and *Cervantes*," take his sword and "fight in the ranks." He was thanked, but his offer was declined. The campaign ended with the fatal day of Jena and Auerstadt, and a French army marched upon Berlin. Some of the officials and literary men of the Prussian capital remained, to submit to the conqueror, and take service under him; but Fichte was not among these, and he fled to Königsberg. He returned in the autumn of the ensuing year, and amid the general despondency, was almost the only one who still dared to protest aloud against foreign oppression. During the winter months of 1807-8, he delivered his celebrated "Addresses to the Germans" in a public building of Berlin, where his voice was often over-

powered by the roll of the French drums in the street beside him. In 1813, the year of the Liberation War, he renewed his former proposal, and with similar success; but as his offers had sprung less from vanity, than from a lofty zeal, he was not pained by the refusal. And now when hostilities broke out, his wife too came forward to advance, in the only way permitted to a woman, the general weal. The military hospital of Berlin became crowded with sick and wounded; the authorities appealed to the inhabitants for help, and she was among the first to obey the call. "By a courageous effort," says her son, "she vanquished her first repugnance to approach the stranger sick; and soon this employment appeared to her a sacred vocation, to which, at all risks, she was resolved to devote all her energies."

Meanwhile, during these years, Fichte had been steadfastly toiling at his appointed task, the perfecting of his philosophical theories. In 1813, his system had reached its highest clearness in his mind, and he thought himself on the point of procuring for it a mode of expression so simple, that even a child, to use his own words, would be able to comprehend it. He proposed to spend the summer of 1814 in some quiet rural spot, and there, in peaceful seclusion from the world, attain the long-sought-for result. But "the pale messenger" was at hand, and the wish had to remain unfulfilled. Towards the close of 1813, after many months of attendance on the sick, his wife caught, in the course of her laudable labors, an infectious fever, from which she recovered only to see her husband laid prostrate by it. Fichte was taken ill in the first week of January, 1814, and on the 27th he was no more. His wife survived him five years, and was then laid in the grave beside him. The place of their interment is in a churchyard close to one of the gates of Berlin, and a lofty obelisk surmounts it with the inscription—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."*

In person, Fichte was below the common height, but of a strongly-knit and muscular frame. His mien and gestures, like his words, betokened earnestness and sincerity. He had only one child, a son, who is, or till very lately was, a professor of philosophy at Bonn, and from whose biography of his father the foregoing sketch has been taken.

WHAT a pretty tale was slaughtered when Mr. Grenville Piggot pointed out, in his *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, the blundering translation of the passage, in an old Scandinavian poem, relating to the occupation of the blest in the halls of Valhalla, the northern Paradise. "Soon shall we drink out of the curved horns of the head," are the words found in the death-song of Regner Lodbrog; meaning by this violent figure to say, that they would imbibe their liquor out of cups formed from the crooked horns of animals. The first translators, however, not seeing their way clearly, rendered the passage, "Soon shall we drink out of the skulls of our enemies;" and to this strange banqueting there are allusions without end to be met with in our literature. Peter Pindar, for example, once said that the booksellers, like the heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors.

* Daniel xii. 3.

From Chambers' Journal.

PERSECUTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE first settlers of the New England States, as is pretty well known, were men who fled from civil and religious persecution in England in the early part of the seventeenth century. As they had felt in their own persons and fortunes the sorrows of oppression for conscience' sake, it might naturally be expected that they would have had some sympathy for others in like circumstances. In this respect, however, the pilgrim fathers, as they have been termed, were no better than the men before whom they had fled. A volume might be written of their doings in the way of intolerance; but the following short chapter may suffice.

In the year 1656, when the colonists of Massachusetts were complacently congratulating themselves on having established a vigorous system of uniformity in religious matters, and expressing great thankfulness for having escaped from the troubles which had lately agitated England, they were very much surprised to learn that two women of the sect which had begun to be called Quakers were arrived in Boston from Barbadoes. There was no law in the colony against such persons; but that was considered unimportant; it was easy to make a little law for the occasion, or easier still to act without any law at all. This last alternative was adopted. The two unfortunate women, against whose character there was no reproach, were seized and put in prison; a few books found in their trunks were burnt by the hangman; and after suffering various indignities, they were turned out of the country. Persecution requires only a little spark to kindle it into a great flame. It would almost seem as if the misusage of the two women caused a flocking of Quakers from all the points of the compass to Boston, only for the sake of getting ill-treated. In a short time eight made their appearance, and they in a like manner were imprisoned and banished. Thinking it now time to get a little law to regulate proceedings, a local court passed an enactment, declaring that any Quakers who should hereafter arrive in the colony should be severely whipped, and confined at hard labor in the house of correction. Immediately afterwards several came, were whipped, confined, and dismissed; and others took their place. It was evident the law was too lenient, so a fresh enactment was passed. Fines were imposed on every person who gave houseroom to Quakers, or who attended their meetings, or otherwise sanctioned their pernicious opinions. Every Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear, and the second time the other; if a woman, she was each time to be severely whipped; and for the third offence, both men and women were to have their tongues bored through with a red-hot iron.

Quakers now arrived in the colony in great numbers. Glorifying in their sufferings the more they were persecuted, the more they came to testify their sincerity in their belief. Whippings, confinement, hard labor, fines, cutting off the ears, and boring the tongue being thus found ineffectual, a new law was passed in 1658, declaring that in future all Quakers who intruded themselves into Massachusetts should be banished on pain of death. Three Quakers forthwith offered themselves as the first victims; they had returned from banishment. Their names were Mary Dyer,

Marmaduke Stephenson, and William Robinson. From their defence at their trial, nothing is more plain than that they were persons in a state of frenzy: their general argument was, that by means of visions they had been induced to come to Massachusetts and brave the worst that could be done to them. On the 19th of October, 1659, they were condemned to die as malefactors; and three days later they were led out to execution. Mary Dyer saw her two brethren die before her eyes; and she was on the point of meeting the same dreadful doom, the rope being already round her neck, when a faint shout was heard in the distance, which grew stronger and stronger, and was soon caught and repeated by a hundred willing hearts. "A reprieve, a reprieve!" was the cry, and the execution was stopped; but she, whose mind was intently fastened on another world, cried out, that she desired to suffer with her brethren, unless the magistrates would repeal their wicked law.

"She was saved by the intercession of her son, but on the express condition that she should be carried to the place of execution, and stand upon the gallows with a rope about her neck, and then be carried out of the colony. She was accordingly taken home to Rhode Island; but her resolution was still unshaken, and she was again moved to return to the 'bloody town of Boston,' where she arrived in the spring of 1660. This determination of a feeble and aged woman, to brave all the terrors of their laws, might well fill the magistrates with astonishment; but the pride of consistency had already involved them in acts of extreme cruelty, and they thought it impossible now to recede. The other executions were considered acts of stern necessity, and caused much discontent; a hope was entertained till the last moment that the condemned would consent to depart from the jurisdiction; and when Mary Dyer was sent for by the court, after her second return, Governor Endicott said, 'Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?' giving her an opportunity to escape by a denial of the fact, there having been another of the name returned from England. But she would make no evasion. 'I am the same Mary Dyer that was here the last general court.' 'You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?' 'I own myself to be reproachfully called so;' and she was sentenced to be hanged on the morning of the next day. 'This is no more than thou saidest before,' was her intrepid reply, when the sentence of death was pronounced. 'But now,' said the governor, 'it is to be executed; therefore prepare yourself, for to-morrow at nine o'clock you die!' 'I came,' was the reply, 'in obedience to the will of God, the last general court, desiring you to repeal your unrighteous law of banishment on pain of death; and the same is my work now, and earnest request, although I told you if you refused to repeal them, the Lord would send others of his servants to witness against them.'

"At the appointed time on the next day she was brought forth, and with a band of soldiers led through the town, about a mile to the place of execution, the drums beating before and behind her the whole way. When she was upon the gallows, it was told her that if she would return home she might come down and save her life; to which she replied, 'Nay, I cannot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful unto the death.' Another

said that she had been there before; she had the sentence of banishment upon pain of death, and had broken the law in coming again now, and therefore she was guilty of her own blood. 'Nay,' she answered, 'I came to keep blood-guiltiness from you, desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law of banishment upon pain of death, made against the innocent servants of the Lord; therefore my blood will be required at your hands, who wilfully do it; but for those who do it in the simplicity of their hearts, I desire the Lord to forgive them; I came to do the will of my Father, and in obedience to his will I stand even to death.' A minister who was present then said, 'Mary Dyer, repent, oh repent, and be not so deluded and carried away by the deceit of the devil!' But she answered, 'Nay, man, I am not now to repent.' She was then asked to have the elders pray for her; but she said, 'I know never an elder here.' She added that she desired the prayers of all the people of God. 'Perhaps,' said one scoffingly, 'she thinks there is none here.' Then looking round she said, 'I know but few here.' Being again asked to have one of the elders pray for her, she said, 'Nay, first a child, then a young man, then a strong man, before an elder in Christ Jesus.' She spoke of the other world and of the eternal happiness into which she was about to enter; and 'in this well-disposed condition was turned off, and died a martyr of Christ, being twice led to death, which the first time she expected with undaunted courage, and now suffered with Christian fortitude.' 'She hangs as a flag for others to take example by,' said a member of the court, as the lifeless body hung suspended from the gallows."

Instead of being a warning, her death was only an encouragement. Another Quaker, named William Leddra, soon made his appearance, and after a tedious imprisonment, during which he was chained to a log of wood, he was brought to trial on the usual charge of returning from banishment. There was a dash of the ludicrous in the proceedings. One of the charges against him was that he refused to take off his hat in court, and another was that he persevered in saying "thee" and "thou." "Will you put me to death," he asked, "for speaking good English, and for not putting off my clothes?" "A man may speak treason in good English," was the reply. "Is it treason to say 'thee,' and 'thou' to a single person?" No good rejoinder could here be made by the judges, and while they were trying to stop his mouth by a few more questions, to their exceeding dismay another Quaker, named Winlock Christison, who had also returned from banishment, entered the court and placed himself beside the prisoner. The case of Leddra was first despatched, by condemning him to be executed, and this atrocity was committed on the 14th of March. Christison, at a second appearance before the court, received a like sentence, but leaving him the choice of voluntary banishment, and this latter alternative he appears to have embraced. The next culprits of the same class were Judah Browne and Peter Pierson, who, for no offence that we can perceive but that of being Quakers, were condemned to be tied to a cart's tail and whipped through several towns in the colony. Immediately after, as appears from the records of the court, a day of thanksgiving was appointed to be kept in acknowledgement of the many mercies

enjoyed for years past "in this remote wilderness."

According to Mr. Chandler,* from whose interesting work we have derived these melancholy details, the persecutions in Massachusetts gave offence to Charles II., who had other reasons to be dissatisfied with the colonists. He therefore enjoined all the governors of New England to proceed no farther with corporal punishment against Quakers, but to send them to England, with their respective crimes specifically set forth, in order that they might be disposed of according to law. "The Quakers in London immediately chartered a vessel, and the mandamus being committed to Samuel Shattock, who had been banished from Massachusetts on pain of death, he arrived in the harbor of Boston in six weeks. The king's messenger and the commander of the ship landed on the day after their arrival, and proceeded directly to the governor's house. Admitted to his presence, he ordered Shattock's hat to be removed, but after perusing the letters, restored it and took off his own. After consultation with the deputy-governor, he informed the messenger that they should obey the king's command. In the evening the passengers of the ship came on shore, and with their friends in the town, held a meeting, 'where they returned praises to God for his mercy, manifested in their wonderful deliverance.'"

The colonial laws against Quakers were now abolished, and there were no more executions of this unhappy class of persons; but the magistracy were hostile to the sect, and for years afterwards they contrived to whip and otherwise maltreat any Quakers who fell into their hands; it would indeed seem doubtful whether the tortures and indignities they occasionally inflicted, particularly on the persons of females, were not worse than death. The authority to which we have referred observes with justice that the Quakers who exposed themselves to these severities were not by any means blameless. Unlike the orderly society of Friends in the present day, they appear to have taken a delight in annoying the constituted authorities, and disturbing the public peace. Much of this, however, was produced by their sufferings in the first instance; and the more violent amongst them, from a variety of causes, were evidently wrought up to a state of religious insanity. Allowing that they were as troublesome as their worst enemies can possibly represent them, there can now be but one sentiment respecting their treatment—unqualified condemnation of their oppressors. It is true there were laws equally severe against Quakers in Virginia and elsewhere; but this does not lessen the crime of the magistracy of Massachusetts. Descendants of Pilgrim Fathers who fled to the wilderness from persecution, if not themselves refugees, they ought to have sympathized in the eccentricities or convictions of others when placed in similar circumstances. How true is the remark of our author, that "Religious intolerance was the mistake of the age!"

THE earliest instance of the use of linen paper is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript of which bears date in the year 1100.

* American Criminal Trials, by P. W. Chandler. 2 vols. 1840.

WELSH PEASANTRY AND SCENERY.

THE costume of the Welsh peasants whom we saw on our way struck us as picturesque: the various colors of their dresses, their baskets and large umbrellas and bright handkerchiefs were so like those of France, that we seemed to recognize old acquaintances. The great difference, however, is, that instead of the high pointed cap and wings of Normandy, and the square head-gear of Guienne, all the Welsh women wear black beaver hats, like men's, which, though not pretty, have a neat appearance, and, with a white frilled cap beneath, and a rosy healthy face to set it off, the effect is not displeasing after a time, though, at the first glance, the aspect of the black hats is ungraceful, particularly in North Wales, where they are large and high: in the South they are flatter, and the rim rounder and broader, so that they have not so masculine an air. The colored jackets, worn by girls, are generally of pink cotton, and are clean and gay-looking, but ill-made, and wanting the neatness which always distinguishes the French peasants' costume in all parts of the kingdom. Lively groups of young women, some on horseback, riding double, had met us on their way to Bangor market, as we left the town, and on our return we encountered them again, straggling back to the different villages scattered about amongst the mountains. We remarked a good deal of beauty of complexion and eyes amongst those who were very young, but it appears that they very soon lose their youthful appearance, and are certainly extremely plain as old women. The men are generally good-looking, and we thought all the peasantry in this part, both male and female, particularly tall and well-made, a distinction not often found amongst mountaineers. From Bangor we directed our course to the famous town where Edward the First erected the most beautiful of his castles, after Conway, and where he caused his queen to travel in the depth of winter over a dreary and dangerous country, from Rhuddlan, in order that the first Prince of Wales might be born in Caernarvon. The approach to Caernarvon is good; a few pretty villa-like houses give a promise of more elegance and grace than is afterwards kept when it is entered; for, like every Welsh town I have seen, there is nothing to admire in either streets or houses; and when all the antique buildings which give a little interest to their appearance shall be cleared away, they will be even less agreeable to the sight than now. Yet Caernarvon is considered a town of much importance in the principality, and is generally named with respect. Like the slovenly, ugly town of Pau, in the Pyrenees, which the dwellers and even the visitors there cannot endure to hear spoken of as it really is, this little mean place on the Menai Straits is, however, full of interest for the same reason that Pau is sought—its castle and its mountains. Not that there is the same enthusiasm rising in the mind for Edward of Caernarvon as there is for Henri Quatre, and not that the Château of Pau is to be likened in beauty to Caernarvon Castle; but the admiration is for the prince in one, and for the building in the other. Neither are the charming hills and rocks of Wales to be likened in grandeur to the snow-crowned mountains of Navarre; yet in Nature all is beautiful, and no one scene touched by her hand can suffer from comparison with another. It is merely in

the scale that there exists a superiority; and though Snowdon, considered gigantic in Wales, would be a low hill at the foot of the proud Pic du Midi, and the graceful and towering Rivals would shrink before the range of the Valley d'Aspe, yet on the spot which they adorn, they are as fine as the Pyrenees. The rushing mountain torrents of Wales, too, are minute to those that rush from the peaks of snow which frown between France and Spain; yet are they beautiful and picturesque in their own scenes, though their course through beds of peat, instead of over shining rocks, has colored them with a rich brown, in place of the transparent jewelled green and blue, such as adorn the wings of the humming-bird, and which one sees glittering and foaming in the waters of the Gaves of Béarn.—*Miss Costello's Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales.*

ELECTRIC GUN.—A new wonder has been introduced under the name of "Siva, or the destroyer power," or "Mr. Benningfield's Electric Gun." It astonished the people of the Channel Islands for four months, when the projector determined that London should be the theatre of its operations and success, and accordingly it may now be seen in full play in the spacious site of some old buildings in King street, Westminster. The inventor says, "The bullets are five eighths of an inch in diameter; but in actual service, the apparatus being but little enlarged, would discharge balls one inch in diameter, with increased force. The bullets now used are calculated to kill at the distance of a statute mile; they pass freely through a three-inch plank, which, in volley firing, is torn to atoms by their force; but if discharged against an iron target, they are dashed to pieces; if into a solid log of wood, are often found welded together, appearing to be united by a semifusion." The target, at which 80lb. of bullets were fired, presented, however, the ordinary appearance of the effects of military target practice; and although at not a greater distance than that of 30 yards, some of the bullets had only half imbedded themselves in the soft deal. It is said that the machine is not capable of firing a ball heavier than 1 lb.; but it is light and portable, and may be drawn by one horse at a rapid pace. The firing was rather wide of the mark sometimes; but it is said a true aim can be taken with it, and it traverses on the cross wheel with ease and steadiness. The cost of keeping it in action is stated to be very trifling, and it is capable of throwing more bullets than two regiments. The invention has attracted the attention of naval and military men of distinction; and at another exhibition next week several artillery officers are expected to be present. The power is undoubted, and a swift and effective discharge of a host of bullets, in a direction at the will of the engineer, from a machine capable of rapid transition, has evidently been established by Mr. Benningfield. Further demonstrations will prove its utility.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We understand that a very young remnant of an old aristocratic trunk is about to marry the fair daughter and sole heiress of a celebrated blue bag, who is rather remotely connected with an ex-ministerial portfolio. The bride is to be given away by a distinguished stick, attached to the royal household; and it is said that the wedding will be graced by the presence of one or two Baths.—*Punch.*

From the Examiner.

The Fall of Napoleon: an Historical Memoir.
By Lieut. Col. J. MITCHELL, Author of the
"Life of Wallenstein." Three vols. Nic-
kisson.

THE spirit in which this book is written, is manfully declared in its title, and nowhere sought to be concealed. Colonel Mitchell exults in Napoleon's fall, believing his rule to have been a curse and affliction to mankind.

There are many who will agree in this; who will thank Colonel Mitchell heartily for so much of the gallant and wholesome spirit of his book; and nevertheless not find it possible, as he does, to despise the soldier as they hate the sovereign. Colonel Mitchell thinks Napoleon to have been a mere reckless gambler in war as in politics; a hazard-player with great resources at command, and with vast gains or vast losses as the dice told for or against him. This opinion he maintains with singular earnestness, and no small power of argument, throughout the whole series of Napoleon's battles; but though we believe the highest praise of generalship to belong most eminently to leaders such as Hannibal and Gustavus Adolphus, who have successfully resisted great forces with means apparently inadequate, we have but to turn to the early Italian campaigns for what we must think indisputable proof, even by these tests, of Napoleon's greatness as a soldier. Colonel Mitchell denies him even his proper standing, on abstract grounds, as a man of intellect. And surely that was needless, even for the objects of this book. If we say, what we firmly believe, that there was never so large a brain with so small a heart, we say all that should suffice to account for the failure of his system and his own disastrous fall.

Having stated the purpose and spirit of Colonel Mitchell's history, little else remains to be said. We can only remark that the depreciatory effort, though ably sustained, is too manifest throughout; and that, although incompetent to the criticism of purely military details, we remain unconvinced. As a complete biography or history its plan is necessarily imperfect; and the drawback of a hero chosen not for love but hate, is enormous. Milton would never have made head with his *Paradise Lost* if he had not somehow fallen in love with even Satan. The setting up a man as a mark to be shot at, and for nothing else, cannot but affect one wearily.

Two brief passages, on two very different points of character, will illustrate the defect, manifest all through, of over-partisanship. In a crisis of Napoleon's fortune, Colonel Mitchell thus lets his fancy loose:

"At noon on the 5th, we find the possessor of mighty thrones, exhausted, more perhaps by mental excitement than bodily fatigue, stretched on a bundle of straw in a deserted and half-ruined farmhouse by the roadside. Here he long mused in cheerless silence: to him the roar of artillery, announcing the presence of the enemy, and the prospect of a battle, would have been welcome as the rushing sound of water to the wanderer of the desert; and the warm blood flowing from the veins of gallant men as gladdening to his sight as the sparkling stream to the fainting pilgrim."

But surely there are times in the lives of the greatest and purest heroes, of which precisely this

might be said. We remember more than one in the life of Robert Bruce. And is it for a soldier to make tender appeal of this kind, against the very badge and symbol of his trade?

Speaking of Napoleon's religion, Colonel Mitchell observes:

"It has occasionally been asked, whether Napoleon, who acknowledged himself a Mahometan in Egypt, and died a Catholic 'in the faith of his fathers,' ever had any fixed religious principles or opinions. We think that he never had, and that he was as little a Mahometan in the east as a Catholic in the west: for it is impossible to conceive a heart over which religion holds the slightest sway, prompting to the many deeds of violence charged against Napoleon. And though the religious may err, though they have often done so most grievously, their very errors lean to virtue's side, and can never be carried to absolute excess when by misfortune they take a faulty direction."

Religious errors lean to virtue's side! Never carried to absolute excess!! Why, Religion, in the exercise of power, has been more cruel, more intolerant, more arbitrary, than, we grieve to say, any form of tyranny that ever existed on the face of the earth. But let us correct ourselves; and call it the exercise of power in the name of religion.

A few extracts, taken at random, will show the eloquence of Colonel Mitchell, and the strength and beauty of many of his thoughts.

THE WORLD'S HOPE AT NAPOLEON'S ZENITH.

"The intercourse between different countries, resulting from civilization, and necessary perhaps to its very existence, was interrupted. The sea which surrounds continental Europe, the very high-road of nations, had become a magic circle impassable to all who bowed beneath the yoke of Napoleon; and lands that lay beyond its waves no longer poured their treasures, their sources of wealth, health, and elegance, into the lap of the old and isolated world. Trade and commerce were nearly dead, and dismantled and decaying ships filled the harbors over which the tricolor flag was displayed. Industry naturally declined where war with its enormous demands consumed the produce of peaceful labor, and alone led to preferment and distinction. Even learning and knowledge were fading away where arms only were honored; and the very virtues most cherished by men were necessarily deteriorating under the influence of the coarse and vulgar doctrines which held military obedience and duty performed in the battle-field an ample atonement for the absence of every ennobling quality of the heart, and elevating gift of the mind.

"Even hope itself seemed to have fled the world at the moment when Napoleon reached the zenith of power on which we have seen him placed. So heavy was the gloom resting on Europe, that men grew superstitious in their despair; and seeing no gleam of light along the dark and chain-bound earth, sought for hope in the celestial appearances perfectly familiar to the eye of science—even in the appearances of the comet, that in the autumn of 1811 shone so brilliantly along the midnight sky. On the hills of the Peninsula, the untutored Spaniard pointed to the blazing meteor, and told that it announced the downfall of tyranny: in the halls of German learning, the enthusiastic scholar hailed the 'traveller of immensity,' and proclaimed

it a shred from the pall of glory, riven and cast far upon the vaults of space to tell the afflicted world that, after so many years of suffering, the hour of freedom had come at last : and Providence, looking down in mercy perhaps on the sorrows of millions, allowed an ordinary phenomenon of nature to serve as the arch of promise so ardently solicited by prostrate nations."

THE CONSCRIPTIONS.

"Shortly before the battle of Leipzig, the Empress, in her character of regent, had demanded a levy of 250,000 conscripts for the service of the state ; then came a call for 30,000, intended especially for the defence of the Pyrenees, threatened by the advance of Lord Wellington's army ; and now came Napoleon himself with an additional demand for 300,000 more : six hundred thousand men called for and granted in less than two months, and eleven hundred thousand since the year 1811 ! History had no example of such charnel-house calls on the blood of a people : and though the submissive senate complied with these frightful requisitions, thirty black balls thrown into the voting urn, marked the growth of opposition even in that long-dormant assembly."

THE SUNSET AT LEIPZIG.

"And wild as the tumult over which it had shone was the setting of the sun that beamed a farewell to the thousands dying on the plains of Leipzig. Seen through the sulphury vapors of the long-continued fight, its frowning disc appeared of double magnitude ; and fiery red and grimly threatening was the glare it cast on the wide scene of carnage below. Clothed in bloody garb, it withdrew from the blood-stained earth, as if grieving to lighten the corse-covered field on which its parting rays were cast. The setting sun, always so mild and friendly at its close, seemed now to part in storm-predicting wrath ; and brave survivors of the mighty combat often declared, in after years, that they never beheld so wild a sunset as the one which closed the great battle-day of Leipzig. May the world never look upon its like again !"

THE REAR GUARD OF THE GRAND RUSSIAN ARMY.

"General Dumas tells us that he had just sat down to breakfast at Gambinnen when a man in a brown coat, long beard, red eyes, and weather-beaten face, entered, saying, 'At last I am here : General Dumas, do you not know me ?'—'No ; who are you ?'—'I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen, and have come here through the woods—I am Marshal Ney !'"

THE JOURNEY TO ELBA.

"Near Lyons, feelings hostile to the fallen chief had already shown themselves, and these augmented rapidly as the travellers advanced. 'Perish the tyrant !' 'Down with the butcher of our children !' were the cries now most frequently heard : at one place he beheld himself gibbeted in effigy ; and at Avignon, the exertions of the commissioners alone saved him from the fury of the populace. Similar dangers attended him as he proceeded ; and the craven fear he evinced could never have been credited had there been any possibility of doubting the authority on which it is related. The ex-emperor of France, the leader of

mighty armies, actually disguised himself, sometimes as a courier, sometimes as a servant ; ordered domestics to smoke in his presence, and invited the commissioners to sing or whistle, that the incensed multitude might not be aware who was in the carriage. At Orgon the mob paraded his own effigy daubed with blood, and stopped his carriage till they displayed it before his eyes. From Avignon to La Calade, he was grossly insulted in every town and village, and would certainly have been torn to pieces by enraged multitudes, had not the efforts of the commissioners, aided occasionally by local authorities, protected him from their fury. At La Clade the mob surrounded the house, and with loud execrations demanded his head ; and it was only by getting out of a back window, and riding the next post in the disguise of a courier, and with the white cockade in his hat, that he effected his escape."

FRENCH HORSEMANSHIP.

"Baron Odleben, who was a cavalry officer, remarks on the bad horsemanship of the French emperor, and tells us, that he generally held the reins in his right hand, had an ungraceful seat, and allowed his left arm to swing carelessly by his side when trotting. Bad horsemanship was, however, a very general characteristic of the French officers of the period ; in the mass, the French cavalry also were bad riders ; and Bülow, who was a cavalry officer, tells us that he saw nearly half a squadron overthrown in attempting to clear a ditch not four feet wide. But if badly trained and organized, their bravery was conspicuous in every field."

THE MORNING AND THE NIGHT OF QUATRE BRAS.

"The morning of the 16th June had beheld 310,000 men, all in the pride of hope and strength, advancing from different directions towards the plains of Fleurus. Peace still rested on the fruitful fields and noble woods that skirt the fertile banks of the Sambre and the Dyle. Leaves, grass, and corn, refreshed and sparkling with the million dew-drops of early summer, presented from the heights of Bry a sight of beauty and repose, to which the scenes of the following morning offered a melancholy but too frequent contrast. The sun of the 17th of June rose on trampled harvests, scorched forests, and on the smoking ruins of cottages and hamlets ; it rose on heaps of broken arms, dismounted guns, overturned carriages—on lines of cheerless *bivouacs*, on dead and dying steeds, on trains of wounded, and on the naked, mangled, and unburied corpses of ten thousand valiant men, who had fallen in the fierce and fruitless strife which we have already described. The first was a scene on which angels might have gazed with satisfaction ; the second was one that fiends alone could behold unmoved."

THE LAST CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

"The Duke of Wellington now perceiving that the hour of victory had arrived, gave orders for the whole army to advance. All sprung forward with renewed vigor ; the duke himself, hat in hand, cheering on the soldiers in front of the line. When urged by some officers not to expose himself to the heavy fire still poured in upon the advancing troops, he only replied, 'Let them fire away now, the battle is gained :' an answer springing from a heart that well deserved to gain such a field."

We need hardly say to any readers of the *Life of Wallenstein* that Colonel Mitchell has not forgotten, in the course of the work, to give all due support to his views of the relative value of cavalry and infantry, of the use of the bayonet, and sundry other ingenious theories.

From the Britannia.

The Seeress of Prevorst, being Revelations concerning the Inner-Life of Man, and the Inter-Diffusion of a World of Spirits in the One we Inhabit. Communicated by JUSTINUS KERNER, Chief Physician at Weinsberg. Translated by Mrs. CROWE. Moore, Wellington street.

We notice this book for no other reason than to show the dangerous tendency of those delusions, to which some weak-minded persons in our own country are surrendering themselves. In the history of "The Seeress of Prevorst" the theory of animal magnetism or mesmerism is pushed to its legitimate conclusion, and the spirit represented as being partially disenthralled from the body. The Seeress could not only, like Miss Martineau, see things surrounded with luminous splendor, but she could observe the ghostly forms of a spirit-world. She formed for herself a diagram representing the operations of her soul, which has some likeness to a representation of the solar system, confused and overrun by a multitude of comets. The book from first to last is as full of spectres as the "Tales of Wonder." But they are ghosts of indubitable German origin, whose chief aim seems to be to make shuffling noises about a house, and to keep up a continual hammering, as if the whole business of the spiritual world was the manufacture of coopers' casks.

The relator of all the marvellous stories in this book is Dr. Kerner, the physician in constant attendance on the Seeress. He was only occasionally favored with a glimpse of the lady's ghostly visitants himself; but he often heard the knockings, and saw things moved about the room by invisible agency.

The Seeress was born in 1801, at Prevorst, a mountain village of Wirtemberg, not far removed from the town of Lavenstein. The people of this place, Dr. Kerner says, are very subject to magnetic influence, and have great skill (the Donsterswivel story) in discerning the neighborhood of water and metals by osier wands. In this practice the Seeress became unusually expert at an early age. She was born of respectable but poor parents, her father being a forester.

She first saw a spectre in her childhood. Being in a passage at midnight, she beheld a tall, dark form, which standing at a short distance from her, regarded her mournfully. She was not, however, alarmed, but called her parents. When they came the spectre vanished. From this time she frequently saw apparitions, but this faculty did not prevent her marriage. After a period of great depression she became more cheerful, and from that time, "indifferent to everything on earth," says the narrative, "her proper inner-life began." A pretty life her poor husband must have had.

In 1822, the magnetic condition became developed. She was attacked by a severe fever, and her sapient relatives sent for a magnetic physician. After some passes and the laying on of hands, the apparition of her grandmother appeared to her, who, it was afterwards found, died on that

very night. In 1824, her magnetic condition became more decided. For three days together she could only speak in verse; and afterwards she saw her own image clad in white, seated on a chair, while she lay in bed. She called it; it came to her, and with an electric shock became united to her body. Still trusting to magnetic remedies, her friends had a boy thrown into a magnetic trance, that he might prescribe for her. The directions were complied with, and afterwards she suffered "dreadful spasms and anxieties." Still the magnetizing went on, "and an experiment was made by applying a magnet to her forehead; immediately her head and face were turned round, and her mouth was distorted as by a stroke of palsy. These symptoms continued for two days." Wise and considerate attendants these German physicians must be!

Persuaded she was to be cured by magnetism, this unfortunate young woman fancied she was each day magnetized by a spirit, and at last saw the apparition of her grandmother, "who magnetized her with three fingers outspread like rays, the passes being directed to the epigastric region." During this period, it is said, many trustworthy persons perceived she was waited on by invisible attendants. "Articles whose near neighborhood to her was injurious were removed by an unseen hand; such objects—a silver spoon, for example—would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid on a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency." When she first came under Dr. Kerner's hands, he forbore, he says, to use magnetic treatment; but at her own earnest entreaties he was induced to do so, and for twenty-seven days a regular course of magnetism was followed up, and after that time "all that remained to her was the life of a sylph." Her intercourse with the ghostly world now became more frequent, and her body sometimes underwent extraordinary changes when highly magnetized:—

"When she was placed in a bath in this state, extraordinary phenomena were exhibited—namely, that her limbs, breast, and the lower part of her person, possessed by a strange elasticity, involuntarily emerged from the water. Her attendants used every effort to submerge her body, but she could not be kept down; and had she at these times been thrown into a river she would no more have sunk than a cork."

Our wonder is that her kind physician did not try the experiment to verify the truth of her prognostics. But this instance of the lightness of the body when magnetized is, we are informed, not to be compared to some of the cases on record:—

"Andrew Mollers mentions a woman, who lived in 1620, who, being in a magnetic state, rose suddenly from the bed into the air, in the presence of many persons, and hovered several yards above it, as if she would have flown out of the window. The assistants called upon God, and forced her down again."

All kinds of experiments were tried with this unfortunate woman to test her sensibility:—

"The hoof of an elephant produced on Mrs. H—a sort of epileptic fit. The nipples of a horse, the tooth of a mammoth, bezoar, a spider's web, the glow-worm, &c. &c., all produced specific effects on being placed in her hand; and a few drops of acid, produced by animal putrefac-

tion, exhibited the symptoms that follow the eating of a decayed sausage."

Always ardent in pursuit of science, Dr. Kerner seldom let a day pass without making some new observation:—

"She would make me magnetize the water she drank by sounds from the Jew's-harp; and when I had done this unknown to her, on drinking water so prepared, she involuntarily began to sing."

His conversations with his patient on the ghost world in which she partly lived were long and intimate, and he took down from her lips some account of her spiritual visitors:—

"Whilst the ghosts are with me, I see and hear everything around me as usual, and can think of other objects; and though I can avert my eyes from them, it is difficult for me to do it—I feel in a sort of magnetic *rappor*t with them. They appear to me like a thin cloud, that one could see through—which, however, I cannot do. I never observed that they threw any shadow. I see them more clearly by sun or moonlight than in the dark; but whether I could see them in absolute darkness, I do not know. If any object comes between me and them, they are hidden from me. I cannot see them with closed eyes, nor when I turn my face from them; but I am so sensible of their presence, that I could designate the exact spot they are standing upon; and I can hear them speak although I stop my ears. I cannot endure that they should approach me very near; they give me a feeling of debility. Other persons who do not see them are frequently sensible of the effects of their proximity when they are with me; they have a disposition to faintness, and feel a constriction and oppression of the nerves; even animals are not exempt from this effect. The appearance of the ghosts is the same as when they were alive, but colorless—rather greyish; so is their attire, like a cloud. The brighter and happier spirits are differently clothed; they have a long, loose, shining robe, with a girdle round the waist. The features of spectres are as when alive, but mostly sad and gloomy. Their eyes are bright—often like a flame. I have never seen any with hair. All the female ghosts have the same head-covering—even when over it, as is sometimes the case, they have that they wore when alive. This consists in a sort of veil, which comes over the forehead and covers the hair. The forms of the good spirits appear bright—those of the evil dusky."

We have said these spirits are of the true German kind, always making knocking and shuffling noises:—

"They have various ways of attracting attention by other sounds besides speech; and this faculty they exercise frequently on those who can neither see them nor hear their voices. These sounds consist in sighing, knocking, noises as of the throwing of sand or gravel, rustling of paper, rolling of a ball, shuffling as in slippers, &c., &c. They are also able to move heavy articles, and to open and shut doors, although they can pass through them unopened, or through the walls."

Ghosts, we are told, grow, when persons die young:—

"On the subject of the growth of children in the other world, Mrs. H— said—'I once asked a spectre whether human beings grew after death, because I had seen some who had died in early youth that seemed to have become much larger.

And he answered—'Yes; when they are taken from earth before they are full grown. The soul constructs itself a larger shell till it is as large as required.'"

After the biographical history given by Dr. Kerner, we have a number of what he calls special facts, each one bearing a strong resemblance to the Mrs. Veal story. One of her visitors had a dress like that of a monk, and entreated her to pray for him. "She instructed him as she would have done a child, and by degrees his form became more bright and cheerful." He became at last so fond of her society that he could not bear to be away from her, and sometimes came in company with a female, probably his wife. But the visits of the ghostly pair became intolerably annoying to the household:—

"His appearance was always preceded by knockings on the walls, noises in the air, and other sounds, which were heard by many different people, as can be testified by more than twenty credible witnesses. There was a trampling up and down stairs by day and night to be heard, but no one to be seen, as well as knockings on the walls and in the cellars; but, however suddenly a person flew to the place to try and detect whence the noise proceeded, they could see nothing. If they went outside, the knocking was immediately heard inside, and *vice versa*. However securely they closed the kitchen door—nay, if they tied it with cords—it was found open in the morning; and though they frequently rushed to the spot on hearing it open or shut, they never could find anybody. Sounds, as of breaking wood, of pewter plates being knocked together, and the crackling of a fire in the oven, were also commonly heard, but the cause of them could not be discovered. A sound resembling that of a triangle was also frequently heard; and not only Mrs. H—, but others of her family, often saw a spectral female form. The noises in the house became at length so remarkable, that her father declared he could stay in it no longer; and they were not only audible to everybody in it, but to the passengers in the street, who stopped to listen to them as they passed."

This spirit was a lover of music, and displayed his admiration of Mrs. H—'s singing by "knocking down," her songs:—

"Whenever she played on the pianoforte and sang, the spirit always began to knock on the wall—especially when she sang 'How great is thy goodness!'"

Sometimes this spirit would appear to other persons:—

"Of the inhabitants of the house none saw the ghost except her father, brother, and youngest sister, who saw it frequently. It sometimes appeared in the form of a silver serpent. A black terrier that was in the house was always aware of the presence of the spirit, and crept howling to his masters; neither would he lie alone at night. Articles were often moved by an unseen hand—glasses and bottles taken from the table, and placed on the floor—and also papers in her father's study; and sometimes they would be flung after him."

The appearance of several of the apparitions is described with curious exactitude. One was a peasant:—

"In the night of the 20th July, 1827, as Mrs. H— was lying in bed, having just drank some water, the door opened and shut, and there entered

the figure of a man, about thirty years of age, in a long open coat, with broad buttons, short hose, rolled stockings, shoes with buckles, and a cravat, which was fastened by a button, and had two long ends hanging down. This is the ancient costume of a peasant. His complexion was dark, and there was a clumsiness about him such as is derived from a country life, and which it would seem, through the nerve-spirit, continues after death."

Others came in likeness of a huntsman, a knight, a soldier with jingling spurs, or a merchant. Sometimes they made to her strange revelations of deeds of blood and murder; and on one occasion Dr. Kerner was persuaded to go hunting over the neighborhood for the skeleton of a child, but he candidly informs us that his search was entirely unsuccessful. All these spectres implored the Seeress to assist them with her prayers, and she, in return, occasionally demanded information of them concerning the other world. But the answers she received were very unsatisfactory:—

"On the 30th, the Rev. Mr. Herrmann wrote down the following questions, and begged her to obtain answers from the spectre. They were as follows:—'Do you know the mother of our Lord?—Can her prayers in heaven avail us, and have they much power?—Is she in closer union with her son than other spirits?' The spirit appeared at night, while she was taking her broth, and stood behind the attendant till she had eaten it, which she did calmly; then he drew near, and she held the paper out to him, whereon he spoke as follows, but so slowly, that she thought she should never have patience to wait till he had finished:—'I know the mother of God somewhat better than you: she can pray for me like any other blessed spirit. There is no more close union between her and our Redeemer; but'—and then he paused; and when I asked him for an explanation of that *but*, he answered—'It has a beautiful signification, and is very powerful with the blest. More I may not say.'"

When female spectres appeared, their dress is noted as exactly as that of the other sex:—

"On the evening of the 24th this spectre returned, bringing with him a tall, thin, elderly woman, whose form was dark, and countenance disagreeable. She appeared in antiquated fashion, with a high cap, and under it a sort of veil, such as was worn by all the female spectres; her dress was thick and very full, and her shoes were pointed."

To corroborate the observations of the Seeress and himself, Dr. Kerner adduces some other well-authenticated instances of haunted houses:—

"There is a house at Weinsberg that, some thirty years ago, was inhabited by a vine-dresser, named Bayer; it had formerly been used as a wine-press, but no traces of this purpose now exist. For a space of forty or fifty years there has been heard nightly in this house, between the months of December and February, sounds like those made by coopers and wine-pressers; and they were not only audible to the inhabitants of the house, but to the whole neighborhood. And what is most remarkable is, that the louder these sounds are the finer does the vintage prove; inasmuch that a neighbor of the vine-dresser—the late common-councilman Muff—founded his speculations on this conviction, and thereby made his fortune. Bayer, who had married a daughter of the

last possessor of the house, was bent on discovering the cause of the noise; and frequently went, armed with a hatchet, through all the places whence it seemed to proceed, but he could never find any means of accounting for it; and his father-in-law was wont to say to him, 'Leave it alone; it has been longer here than we have.' Frequently, too, the door opened, somebody appeared to enter, and there was a sound of shuffling feet in the room. This, however, has only happened once to the present inhabitant, when he was sleeping in the upper story. His door opened—shuffling feet approached him, and then retired—but he saw nothing. So, if one sits up in bed, the better to observe—or the neighbors rush out—or a person passes the door—the noises cease; but only to recommence the moment afterwards. This is a fact, to which numerous witnesses can be produced."

If some such good-natured spirits would intimate with equal distinctness what course it would be prudent to take with railway shares, just now, fortunes might be made even more rapidly than by the lucky Herr Muff!

The unfortunate young woman, so cruelly tortured by experiments, and so deplorably encouraged in all her delusions, terminated at last her wretched existence in 1829, being then in her twenty-eighth year. She died in a state of raging delirium, though it is observed she had still *magnetic intervals*. But not even the awfulness of death had power to check the tricks of the wretched mountebanks who surrounded her. The narrative relates:—"She was indeed susceptible to magnetic influences to the last; for when she was already cold, and her jaws stiff, *her mother* having made three passes over her face, she lifted her eyebrows and moved her lips." Her body, we are told, was wasted to a skeleton. Well it might be; for, after a time, she viewed the approach of the forms of her disordered imagination with horror, and in vain endeavored to shut them from her view. They came upon her at all hours of the day and night, and sometimes endeavored to seize her body, till she fainted in terror. The poor lunatic who has penned this history tells us, that, though the ghosts were generally concealed from his sight, he has seen her boot removed from her foot by a hidden hand. With such encouragers of her terrors, what must have been this poor creature's agonies!

We can aver with perfect sincerity that we never read any book with stronger feelings of disgust. It is pitiable at all times to see God's "noble and most sovereign reason," graciously given for the guidance and support of his creatures in the manifold trials and temptations of life, overthrown and shattered; but still more pitiable is it to see a person of weak nerves fostered in sick fancies, till, without the mind being wholly clouded—retaining some sense of lively feeling—all its faculties become perverted, and existence is made an intolerable torment, haunted by fiends of darkness and terror. If in a moment of joy we have intruded this frightful narrative upon our readers—for frightful it is, notwithstanding that so much of it wears the appearance of burlesque—let them pardon the intrusion for the motive. From this narrative be the warning taken, that a slight nervous affection may, by the tricks of miserable charlatans who pretend to a mysterious power over the soul, be turned into a state worse than insanity, because alternating between madness and

consciousness. How delicately do we deal with a fine instrument, how tenderly touch the wheels of a watch, how cautiously remove a barometer! Yet what piece of work ever constructed by the hand of man can compare, for complexity and nicety of arrangement, with the nerves and the brain of humanity! To our view it is little less than rebellion against Providence to tamper with the most exquisite of all its works, which is so durable when used according to the purpose of its design, so fragile and uncertain when employed to pierce into mysteries wisely placed beyond the bounds of mortal inquiry. To all who are tempted to resort to mesmerism, or any other of the presumptuous quackeries of the time, as a relief from real or fancied ills, we would say with much earnestness—"Remember the Seeress of Prevorst."

From the Examiner.

A Residence at the Court of London, comprising Incidents official and personal, from 1819 to 1825. By RICHARD RUSH, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, during the above years. Second Series. Two vols. Bentley.

WE do not think it possible that a publication of this nature can be defended on any just principle. It is bad enough that a private man, who finds his way into good society, should, when he quits it, leave an open door behind him; but in the case of an ambassador or envoy, the offence is more grave. We cannot refer to Grotius or Puffendorf; but no one doubts that if those learned pundits could have conceived such a possible outrage, they must have declared it a sore misdemeanor against the law and the usage of nations.

It will not do to justify Mr. Rush by his good nature. He is the precedent for an ill-natured man. He says, and we do not doubt it, that he has been anxious to avoid any ill-use of the private conversations he records; but the question is whether any use should be made of them. A gentleman accredited from a foreign power has peculiar social facilities, and in proportion to these should be the reserves they impose. In a preface to the volumes before us, Mr. Rush observes that no complaint has ever reached him, directly or indirectly, from any one to whom allusion had been made in his former volume: "from which," he adds, "I infer that the guards I imposed upon myself were considered sufficient, as I intended they should be." This inference may be incorrect: since it is by many people thought too late to complain when an irrevocable mischief has been done. Nor is a better quasi-justification made out, by Mr. Rush having had, since the appearance of his first volume, the "renewed intercourse," he is so careful to record, "with individuals and families mentioned in it." For Mr. Smith may like the notoriety which Mr. Jackson detests; and the Jacksons are not to be punished for the pleasure of the Smiths. In short, the practice is so essentially vile, that nothing can modify or make it better.

However, there is a graver reason advanced by Mr. Rush for the publication of these volumes, which it would be unjust to withhold. He refers in his introductory remarks, with an expression of regret very creditable to him, to the less and less friendly tone that has arisen of late years in the public discussion of matters in dispute between

England and America; and being, as rational people must be, an ardent advocate of peace, he thinks that in publishing the negotiations he formerly conducted here, and in showing, by means of explanatory matter connected with them, how graciously and with how much courtesy such affairs could be managed by the Castlereaghs, Cannings, and Rushes, he may be able to awaken dispositions to calmer feeling and inquiry on behalf of the Ashburtons, Aberdeens, and Polks.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rush has the best intentions, and is a very worthy man; but another question arises here, as to the impropriety, manifestly greater than even in the instance of private intercourse, of a private person publishing documents which in fact belong to his government, and of accompanying them with intimations of the precise manner in which they were obtained or assented to. It seems to us that for one case in which such a course might be profitable to the parties, there are fifty in which it could only tend to still further embroil them, and stir peaceful waters into trouble. Proof of it, were we disposed to suggest party differences, are here in the volumes before us. But we need not offer more as to this, remembering a recent well-put argument of the *Quarterly Review*, though applied with somewhat too great a severity to the *Malmesbury Correspondence*. There is this distinction between Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Rush, that the English diplomatist left his papers for posthumous publication, when, by the greater lapse of time, feelings and interests involved would be less nearly affected. The same remark applies to the only similar case of any prominence we can call to mind, that of Bassompierre. In fact there is only one exact diplomatic parallel to Mr. Rush, that we ever met with in the course of our reading. When Cromwell sent Whitelocke to Christina of Sweden, the grave lawyer published a journal of his embassy and private conversations; but not till the government by which he was accredited was extinct, and the flighty Christina had surrendered her throne. Such authority as Mr. Rush may discover in that particular precedent, he is fairly entitled to.

As for the new lights on the Oregon question promised in Mr. Rush's title-page, we can discover none; but that the American claim in those days stopped far short of Mr. Polk's present huge demand, and that the "Fifty-one Degrees," at which Mr. Rush modestly stopped, seems nevertheless to have fairly set Mr. Canning's hair on end.

But all objections apart we must add, that, inasmuch as we often reap where we'd be ashamed to sow, we have found not a little interest and amusement in Mr. Rush's volumes. We do not much care to know, it is true, that the Duke of Wellington joined George the Fourth's diplomatic dinner party in a plain round-about jacket of white cloth and white under-dress to suit; nor does it surprise us so much as it seems to surprise Mr. Rush, that when the king proposed the duke's health, the duke did not thank him and propose the royal health in return. We find nothing wonderful in Mr. Rush being admitted to the bedrooms of Castlereagh and Canning when those ministers were unable to receive him in their sitting rooms; and that "grave members of both houses of parliament" should relax their gravity at a royal fancy ball, would hardly have appeared to us deserving of very minute record. That Mr. Wilberforce should give out (a favorite phrase with Mr. Rush,

though we cannot stay to cull flowers of that kind) wise remarks on the incalculable advantages of an unpaid magistracy, we should have taken to be but doubtful wisdom; and that Mr. Brougham should contribute largely to a conversation "in which nothing could be alluded to which he did not *seem* to know," we knew sufficiently well already. At times, too, Mr. Rush's anecdotes would have borne slight revision; as where he takes Lord Byron to Constantinople in 1810, discloses the property-tax confidences of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or ventures on a literary illustration in connexion with the authorship of Junius. Nevertheless he drops a characteristic trait now and then, which we gladly pick up; and his book is full of courtesy and good nature.

A HINT TO FOREIGNERS.

"Other nations are apt to be misled in regard to England by the accusing, and denouncing, and often despondent voice, ever ready to be uttered, to its very largest extent, in her Parliament, her press, and throughout the ranks of her people."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AT LORD LANSDOWNE'S.

"I sat next to Sir James Mackintosh. He spoke in the highest terms of our host, remarking, that his talents were of the first order, and his temper and discretion equal to his talents. * * *

"After dinner I had renewed conversations with Sir James Mackintosh. Alluding to the style of speaking in the House of Commons, he characterized it by saying, that 'the true light in which to consider it, was *as animated conversation on public business*;' and he added, that it was 'rare for any speech to succeed in that body which was raised on any other basis.' He thought Mr. Brougham the first man in the house for various and universal information on political subjects; Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunket, on the whole, the first orators. Mr. Canning, he said, excelled all the rest in language."

CANNING ON HOUSE OF COMMONS ORATORY.

"I converse with Mr. Canning on the speaking in the House of Commons. I mention to him Sir James Mackintosh's remark; he accedes to it; says it is true as a general rule, that their speaking must take *conversation* as its basis, rather than anything studied, or stately. The house was a business-doing body, and the speaking must conform to its character; it was jealous of ornament in debate, which, if it came at all, must come as without consciousness. There must be method also; but this should be felt in the effect, rather than seen in the manner; no formal divisions, set exordiums or perorations, as the old rhetoricians taught, would do. First, and last, and everywhere, you must aim at reasoning; and if you could be eloquent, you might at any time, but not at an appointed time. To this effect he expressed himself, though I do injustice to his language."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S EXPERIENCES OF VICTORY.

"The duke remarked, that were he to speak of his feelings when it had been his fortune to gain a battle, he would say that they had generally been painful; for there was grief for those who had fallen; and next, it imposed instantly the necessity of doing more, as no commander could remain quiet after a victory; a larger view opened to him,

often causing anxiety from the difficulties to be overcome for insuring further advantages. I said that it was a remark of Moreau's, made on the same occasion, that the fault with most commanders, however brave, was backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies were large, arising from deep moral anxiety; and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue. * * * The conversation proceeding, the duke remarked, in this connection, that a general might stand too much upon the rules of science while an engagement was going on; there could not be too much attention to them in all his arrangements beforehand, he said; but the battle once begun 'the main thing to think of was hard fighting.'"

THE DUCHESS AND THE SPOILS OF VICTORY.

"At coffee in the drawing-room, the social tone seemed to relax even more agreeably. We were shown by the duchess a set of French breakfast china belonging to Joseph Bonaparte while king of Spain, which the duke took in one of his campaigns; and under such hot pursuit that grounds were still in the coffee-pot, and warm. Anecdotes growing out of this little incident were told, showing the risks which royalty has to run in war; so also in Pompey's days, when Cæsar took his camp, he found sideboards loaded with plate, all ready for a festival to celebrate the victory Pompey had expected."

A WAR PARTY.

"On the right of Prince Esterhazy sat the new French ambassador, as chief guest, and on his left were the Prince of Hesse Philippsthal and the Marquis of Anglesea. Amongst these three, there were but three *legs*. The French ambassador had lost one of his in the French service at the battle of Leipzig; the Prince of Hesse Philippsthal, one of his, at the battle of Borodino, in the Russian service; and the Marquis of Anglesea, one of his, at the battle of Waterloo. When I attended the prince regent's first levee, my attention was drawn to the number of maimed and wounded English officers present."

AMBASSADORIAL RIGHTS.

"Two of the servants of the Persian ambassador having offended him lately in London, he applied to the British government for permission to cut off their heads. On learning that it could not be granted, he gravely remonstrated! In the sequel, he was ill able to comprehend how the laws of England could deny his request. Finding, however, that his hands were tied up, he told his servants, '*it was all one; they must consider their heads as being off, for off they would come when he got them back to Persia!*'"

COBBETT AND PITT.

"Cobbett's name was mentioned. Lord Hardwicke spoke of the esteem in which he was held in England many years ago, particularly by Mr. Windham, and told the following anecdote: that Mr. Pitt once came up to Windham, in the House of Commons, and said: 'Windham, do you dine at home to-day?'—'I do,' said Windham.—'Then,' said Pitt, 'I will come and dine with you.'—'Agreed,' said Windham; 'but I fear you won't like your company, for Cobbett is to dine with me.'—'Never mind that,' said Pitt, 'as I do not take him at breakfast,' (meaning that he

did not take his paper,) 'I shall have no objections to meeting him at dinner,' and accordingly went. This was during the time when Cobbett's extraordinary pen was defending the government."

LORD ERSKINE'S OPINION OF ENGLAND AND GEORGE IV.

"On the way out he was full of sprightliness. Always straightforward and powerful at the bar and in parliament, this distinguished peer indulges in eccentricities in conversation. 'England,' said he, 'is a blackguard country.'—'A great country,' I rejoined.—'Yes,' said he, 'a great blackguard country; a boxing, fighting country, and don't you call that blackguard!' I said that he jumped to his conclusions faster than I could follow. 'Aye,' said he, 'you are accredited to the king; but for all that, the king has been constantly fighting with Providence; Providence gave him high endowments, with a fine person, and had been trying to make him the head of a great and glorious people; but the king had been forever battling it with him, and at the end of about the thirteenth round, with the advantage of good bottle-holders, he had now fairly beaten Providence off the ground.' Here he was alluding to the case of the queen, whose cause his lordship had defended stoutly."

A PARTY AT GLOUCESTER LODGE.

"At this classic villa of the foreign secretary, one of the suite of rooms is the library. We went into it, to coffee, after leaving the dinner-table. The conversation became literary. Washington Irving's Sketch-book was spoken of, and highly commended. Mr. Canning said it was a work of extraordinary merit; but he preferred the American pieces. In this preference others joined. The 'Dutch Schoolmaster,' and 'Rip van Winkle,' were singled out, as rich in humor. The topic changing, Swift came on the tapis. Several of his pieces were called up, with genuine gusto. Mr. Canning was on a sofa; Mr. Planta next to him; I and others, in chairs, dotted around. 'Planta,' said Mr. Canning, 'pray hand down the volume containing the voyages, and read the description of the storm in the voyage to Brobdignag; seamen say that it is capital; and as true, nautically, as Shakspeare always is, when he undertakes to use sea terms.' Mr. Planta took down the volume, and read the passage. One sentence in it runs thus: 'It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous; we hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm.' When he was done, all admired the passage, under this new view and commendation of it, which Mr. Canning had given us. He himself said nothing for a few moments, but sat silent; then, as if in a reverie, he uttered, in a low tone, yet very distinctly, the words, 'and helped the man at the helm! and helped the man at the helm!!' repeating them. It seemed as if the helm at the foreign office, with all its anxieties, had suddenly shot into his mind, clouding, for a moment, his social ease. His familiar friends of the circle bantered him a little on that fancy. He declared off, however, and only said that it was a fine passage. So passed this agreeable evening in the library at Gloucester Lodge."

Mr. Rush was charmed, as may be seen in these extracts, with the tone of the higher classes in England. Lord Castlereagh's gentlemanly man-

ners, Canning's ease and wit, especially enchanted him; and it seems to be the unconscious moral or lesson of his book that amenity is at least as desirable as anything else in this world. We do not object; and, for our parts, when Mr. Rush courteously observes to Lord Aberdeen that Americans are proud of the stock they come from, we are a little proud that his lordship should cap the courtesy with a *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*. But then there are other things as little to be lost sight of; and these are not brought forward with equal prominence by Mr. Rush. The period of his book is not the least disastrous or disgraceful in the records of our English domestic government; but through the entertainment of a good dinner and the grace of a good-natured interview, the satisfied American diplomatist is quite a ministerial *candide*. He keeps what we must call a dainty journal; and evidently prides himself on the purple and fine linen all around him.

We add a few extracts made by the Athenæum.

Of no one with whom he was officially associated, does Mr. Rush speak with higher respect than of Lord Castlereagh. He refers over and over again to his intercourse with his lordship, and to the honor, candor, and liberality with which the negotiations were carried on. Thus, on the 23rd of March, 1819, he records—

"The vote of the House of Representatives, refusing to pass censure on General Jackson, has produced a slight depression in the English funds. The newspapers break out into violent language. Some of them, in attempting to account for the injustice and ferocity with which, as they say, it brands our character, insist that it must arise from the existence of negro slavery among us. The *Morning Chronicle*, a journal of deservedly high character with the whigs, seems of this opinion. Strange opinion! when the southern planters, in the states where slavery exists as planted by the laws of England, yield to no part of our population in solid virtues, and in all the elements which go to make up that high character—the gentleman. That Washington was the growth of our southern soil, ought, of itself, to save it from such inconsiderate denunciations. March 25. News arrives of the cession of the Floridas by Spain to the United States. The English papers raise a clamor, charging ambition and rapacity upon the United States. They say nothing of the acquisitions which England has been making in all parts of the globe, by her arms or policy, since the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell. Even if we were to show some tincture of this quality, still, as her own children, disposed to act in her own spirit, her journalists might make allowances; but, in fact, we acquire Florida by fair treaty; we give Spain the *quid pro quo* to the uttermost farthing; and the last thing that I anticipate is complaint from a mind like Lord Castlereagh's. So expressing myself of Lord Castlereagh, I will go farther. In the preceding volume of this work I have borne testimony to what I believe to have been the liberal views of this foreign secretary of England in regard to the relations between our two countries; and I now desire to do it again, on authentic grounds. The convention of last October produced complaint among portions of the people, both of England and the United States; as is apt to be the case after all treaties between ambitious nations approaching, in any points, to rivalry. There were parts of the convention not relished on our side; and those who were interested in the British North American

fisheries, clamored exceedingly at the article about the fisheries, alleging that England had surrendered everything to the United States. They even asked pecuniary indemnification from the English government for what it had given up. Lord Castlereagh, in alluding to these clamors, said to me, that his government was unmoved by them; and that he thought it of less moment which of the parties gained a little more or lost a little more by the compact, than that so difficult a point should be adjusted, and the harmony of the two countries, so far, be made secure; adding his belief, on full examination, that each party had gained every substantial advantage needed. This was true wisdom. I did not fail to communicate his sentiments to my government. Out-door clamor is little aware of the difficulties which governments often experience in arranging clashing interests between great nations; and too little inclined to ask, whether it is not better, sometimes, for each to abate a little, than determine to face all the consequences of standing out too stiffly on ground taken at first."

On another occasion Lord Castlereagh observed—

"Let us strive so to regulate our intercourse in all respects, as that each nation may be able to do its utmost towards making the other rich and happy."

Would that all negotiations were left to such men, or men agreeing in such principles. There was a like clamor about the more and the less in the Ashburton treaty. The answer by the negotiators might have been the same:—it is of less moment which of the parties gained a little more or lost a little more, so that the harmony of the countries was made secure.

We may as well follow up this passage with a speculation on English dinner parties, suggested by one at Foot's Cray, Lord Castlereagh's country seat:—

"It was now ten o'clock. Our carriages were all in waiting, the night was fine, the road good, and we got back to town at midnight from this agreeable dinner-party; a delightful form of society of which the English are chiefly fond, and all the unwritten arcana of which they understand; a form of society where restraint and ease go hand in hand, to unite the pleasures of conversation in its lighter spheres with the rational enjoyments of the table, heightening and refining both; and where, as the condition of the conversation being general, there must be a disciplined forbearance, under the golden requisition of which none talk too much. This, indeed, points to a high state of manners; and what training to produce it! How often have the young and unpractised held back, where all are listening while only one speaks, lest they should fail in the apt thought and proper expression of it! These are the sensibilities, this the kind of culture, out of which such society grows, until at last, as the effect of both, it becomes an unconstrained and natural scene, where there is no jarring, blended with one of intellectual accomplishments and grace; a scene, not for conflict of minds, not for bending the bow of Ulysses, but for easy colloquy and reciprocal pleasure; where the strife is that of concession, if there be any strife; where some minds, to be sure, will be superior to others; some able to sparkle and others not; but none struggling for mastery, or breathing a contentious spirit; where wit itself must be as the lightning of a summer's evening, diffusing

gleams which never burn. To reconcile with all these restraints mental enjoyments in a sphere peculiarly its own and eminently delightful, is the end aimed at, and are the general characteristics of dinner-parties in England in their enlightened and polished circles." * * * *

Anecdotes were picked up at these dinners which are occasionally worth recording. The following is proof how secrets are kept—even where secrecy is officially promised, as it always has been with respect to the property tax:—

"I sat between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Lynedoch. Speaking of the property-tax, the former mentioned that the four largest incomes in the kingdom, as returned under it while in operation, were those of the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grosvenor, the Marquis of Stafford, and the Earl of Bridgewater; these, he said, were the richest peers in England, and there were no commoners whose incomes were returned as large. They each went beyond one hundred thousand pounds, clear of everything. Many incomes among the peers, and several among commoners of large landed estates, approached these in amount; but none came up to them, according to the official returns." * * * *

At Mr. (now Sir Robert) Inglis', Mr. Rush met Mr. Wilberforce, and the conversation gives rise to some sensible remarks:—

"The evening was rich in topics, in which all took part as the wine went round, or rather as it seemed forgotten—Johnson's life and character among them; and I might have been surprised to learn that Mr. Wilberforce knew nothing of Johnson personally, although they were contemporary, if I had not remarked, since being in England, how separate as a class their public and parliamentary men, however literary, as well as private persons who are literary, are from the class of authors. The cause becomes obvious when you get a close view of the multiplied sub-divisions of society in London. English statesmen and orators, and men of literary attainments in that large class where permanent fortunes are possessed, pursue literature as an accomplishment. To some of the former, it is the necessary auxiliary of public life; strength alone, in the vast competition of strong minds, not being sufficient without something to give it polish. To the mere men of fortune, literature becomes, very largely, the needful ornament of private life, so many persons having permanent wealth, that it disappears, as a title by itself, to distinction; whilst the professional author pursues literature as a profession. A more marked illustration of the separation of the two classes could not easily be selected perhaps, than that such a man as Mr. Wilberforce should never have met Dr. Johnson, both being social in their habits. Johnson, it is true, being in advanced life, (though he was still in full fame, writing his *Lives of the Poets*,) and Wilberforce in early life; at which epoch to each it was, that they were contemporary. Their political creed was also much the same. There is doubtless more of approximation now between these two classes in England, than in Johnson's time, and prior to his time. Their still nearer approach might improve authors in their intercourse with the world, and strengthen literature and science in the circles of influence and power; each class lending aid to the other, as in all intercourses among the enlightened."

CANNING ON THE LORDS.

"I spoke of the house of lords; remarking, that

in that body, indeed, I had anticipated a style of speaking somewhat more like conversation, not only from its fewer numbers, but component materials; but that, to my observation, as yet its oratory seemed rather elaborate and ambitious, with much that would seem to indicate painstaking, in a degree beyond that which I had witnessed in the house of commons. He acquiesced; but added, that some of its chief speakers had been formed in the house of commons. I replied, that perhaps that might account for what had also struck me so far, in listening to the debates of each house—namely, that the average speaking among the peers was best. He agreed to it, as a present fact; remarking, that another reason perhaps was, that the house of peers, for its numbers was better stocked with men thoroughly educated."

There is a brief passage from the account of a visit to Holkham during the celebrated "sheep shearing," as it was called:—

"Of the social scene, which goes hand in hand with it all, I hardly dare trust myself to speak, lest I should seem to exaggerate. The number of Mr. Coke's guests, meaning those lodged at his mansion, was, I believe, about fifty, comprehending those I have named and others, as I could scarcely know all in a visit of a week. But his friends and neighbors of the county of Norfolk, and other country gentlemen and visitors from parts of England farther off, arriving every morning after breakfast in carriages or on horseback during the continuance of the scene, under invitations from Mr. Coke to be present at it and stay to dinner, amounted to about six hundred each day. On the second day I was informed that, including the home guests, covers were laid down for six hundred and fifty. All were comfortably accommodated, and fared sumptuously. Holkham House covers an acre of ground. Looking at it on one of the mornings with the Duke of Bedford and others, and viewing its imposing centre, from which proceed four wings connected by corridors, the general conjecture seemed to be that such an edifice could scarcely be built at the present day for less than half a million of pounds sterling. It was built, I understood, in the middle or early part of last century, by Lord Leicester, who was many years in Italy, where he studied the models upon which, after his return to England, it was erected. Of the furniture in such a mansion, the paintings, tapestry, mirrors, rural ornaments, and all else, it need but be said that it is adapted to the mansion. The library, of many thousand volumes, is a treasure. * * Of the manner in which Mr. Coke dispensed the hospitalities of the week, it would be impossible to say too much. All received from him the greatest attention and kindness. His landed property in Norfolk comprehends, I understand, more than thirty thousand acres, and he has estates in other parts of England. His income from the whole is rated, I believe, at £60,000 sterling a year, going higher when agricultural prices are high. On one of the days we were shown through all the offices of the basement story of the house, and taken into the cellars. The latter were filled with the abundant and various stores and wines to have been expected at a country homestead in England, long the seat of that species of hospitality where it would be hard to decide whether the eye is most struck with what is munificent, or the heart with what is kind. I had reason to know that, at Christmas and other seasons devoted to country festivities in England, although Holkham House was not indeed filled as

I lately saw it, its hospitalities were bravely kept up. Mr. Blakie, the steward of Mr. Coke, informed us that the annual cost of malt liquors used for the entire Holkham establishment, including the working people out of doors, as well as servants of the household, was £3000."

We shall conclude with a dinner at Gloucester Lodge, then the residence of Mr. Canning:—

"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr. Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from table, Mr. Canning proposed that we should play 'Twenty Questions.' This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavors to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative, if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The object of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company; but something well known to the present day, or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known, but not a mere event, as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr. Canning, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions; and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were, consequently, to have the thought or secret in common; and it was well understood, that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle.

"First question (by Mr. Canning).—Does what you have thought of belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom? Answer.—To the vegetable.

"Second question.—Is it manufactured, or unmanufactured? Manufactured.

"Third.—Is it a solid or a liquid? A solid. [How could it be a liquid, said one of the company, slyly, unless vegetable soup!]

"Fourth.—Is it a thing entire in itself or in parts? Entire.

"Fifth.—Is it for private use or public? Public.

"Sixth.—Does it exist in England, or out of it? In England.

"Seventh.—Is it single, or are there others of the same kind? Single.

"Eighth.—Is it historical, or only existent at present? Both.

"Ninth.—For ornament or use? Both.

"Tenth.—Has it any connection with the person of the king? No.

"Eleventh.—Is it carried, or does it support itself? The former.

"Twelfth.—Does it pass by succession? [Neither Lord Granville nor myself being quite certain on this point, the question was not answered; but,

as it was thought that the very hesitation to answer might serve to shed light upon the secret, it was agreed that the question should be counted as one, in the progress of the game.]

"Thirteenth.—Was it used at the coronation? Yes.

"Fourteenth.—In the Hall or Abbey? Probably in both; certainly in the Hall.

"Fifteenth.—Does it belong specially to the ceremony of the coronation, or is it used at other times? It is used at other times.

"Sixteenth.—Is it exclusively of a vegetable nature, or is it not, in some parts, a compound of a vegetable and a mineral? Exclusively of a vegetable nature.

"Seventeenth.—What is its shape? [This question was objected to as too particular; and the company inclining to think so, it was withdrawn; but Mr. Canning saying it would be hard upon him to count it, as it was withdrawn, the decision was in his favor on that point, and it was not counted.]

"Seventeenth, (repeated.)—Is it decorated or simple? [We made a stand against this question also, as too particular; but the company not inclining to sustain us this time, I had to answer it, and said that it was simple.]

"Eighteenth.—Is it used in the ordinary ceremonial of the house of commons, or house of lords? No.

"Nineteenth.—Is it ever used by either house? No.

"Twentieth.—Is it generally stationary or movable? Movable. The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck-and-neck at the close of a race. Mr. Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as by the law of the game he would have been, if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then, rolling his rich eye about, and with his countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means overconfident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord High-Steward!' And it was—EVEN SO. This wand is a long, plain, white staff, not much thicker than your middle finger, and, as such, justifies all the answers given. In answering the ninth question, Lord Granville and I, who conferred together in a whisper as to all answers not at once obvious, remembered that some quaint old English writers say that the lord high-steward carried his staff to beat off intruders from his majesty's treasury! When at the twelfth, Mr. Canning illustrated the nature of his question by referring to the *rod of the lord chamberlain*, which he said did not pass by succession, each new incumbent procuring, as he supposed, a new one for himself, I said that it was not the lord chamberlain's rod; but the very mention of this was 'burning,' as children say when they play hide-and-seek; and in answering that it was not, I had to take care of my emphasis. The questions were not put in the rapid manner in which they will be read; but sometimes after considerable intervals, not of silence—for they were enlivened by occasional remarks thrown in by the company, all of whom grew intent upon the pastime as it advanced, though Mr. Canning alone put the questions, and I alone gave out the answers. It lasted upwards of an hour, the wine ceasing to go round. On Mr. Canning's success, for it was touch-and-go with

him, there was a burst of approbation, we of the diplomatic corps saying, that we must be very careful not to let him ask us too many questions at the Foreign Office, lest he should find out every secret that we had!"

From the Britannia.

THE CAREER OF DON CARLOS.

THE march of events in Spain has always baffled political prophets. Many years has that unfortunate country been in a state of revolution. She has become bankrupt—has been in turn devastated and depopulated—and yet where is the statesman or historian who has sufficiently comprehended her position to claim the credit of having anticipated events! Unforeseen and incredible facts have been constantly on the *tapis*, without the power of any individual to have predicted any phasis in Spanish affairs. The axiom of historians, that it is in the tendency of things mundane to reproduce themselves, can have no corroboration in Spain. She must be taken as the country of exceptions, where the event the least expected is the most likely to happen. The fundamental points of the private and particular character of this nation are little understood, for it is useless to apply the page of ordinary history practically as regards Spain. The abdication of Don Carlos was certainly not anticipated by those persons who have had the best opportunities of watching his career; but, his claims to the throne having been voluntarily given up, it is now the moment to bestow a rapid glance at the extraordinary events of his life, many of the scenes of which equal, in romance and incident, those of the Pretender in Scotland.

Don Carlos was born March 29, 1788. He was the second son of Charles IV. In the early part of Don Carlos' life he passed almost unnoticed.

It was in 1808, at the castle of Marac, that he first displayed any indication of character. Napoleon having proposed to the infants of Spain to resign their rights to the crown of Spain, Don Carlos alone replied, "Mas vale morir que vivir sin honor; yo no consiento." "Rather die than live without honor; I will not consent." This incident supplies the key to the after actions of Don Carlos. His conduct arose not so much from determination of purpose as from religious feelings. Legitimacy with him was religion; and his calm and dignified manner, whether in the phases of good or evil fortune, has arisen from the conviction that he was obeying the decrees of Heaven. Don Carlos, without having a particle of military courage, has displayed great resignation in the vicissitudes of fortune. In 1820 he opposed the Liberals, but he mixed in no political intrigues during his brother's reign.

The alteration in the law of succession to the throne of Spain arose from family divisions. Ferdinand VII. had four wives, three of whom died without leaving any heirs to the crown. The marriage with the Princess Maria Christina, daughter of Francis I., king of Naples, was the result of intrigues of a Camarilla, headed by Princess Louisa Carlotta, the consort of the infant Don Francisco. By this union Ferdinand had issue Maria Isabella, born Oct. 10, 1830, who succeeded her father Sept. 29, 1833, and the Infanta Maria Louisa, born Jan. 30, 1832. The right of Isabella was disputed by Don Carlos, on the ground of the law passed by Philip V. and the General

Cortez specially convoked to regulate the succession established in 1713, and ratified by the great powers at the peace of Utrecht. This law formally declared that preference should be first given to the heirs *male* descending from Philip V., and, however remote, the princes should reign in preference to princesses. This act has been erroneously called the Salic Law; but in France females are always excluded from the crown, whilst in Spain the law of Philip V. allowed their sway in the event of the male line being totally extinct.

The Princess Carlotta, having received some slight from the first wife of Don Carlos, the Princess Francesca resolved to exclude him from the throne. Her first plan was to bring about Ferdinand's *fourth* marriage; and to procure the abrogation of Philip V.'s law, by reviving the *expediente* of the Cortes of 1789, on the demand of Charles IV. In that year a Cortes, not specially convened for the purpose according to the fundamental laws, by a secret decree changed the order of succession, abandoning the principle of the male line *first*, and taking female in default of male issue. Ferdinand VII. ordered the publication of this *expediente*, on the 29th of March, 1830. Protests were instantly made against this *expediente* by the French, Neapolitan, and Sardinian branches of the house of Bourbon. The hatred of the Neapolitan princesses against the Portuguese princesses had thus far succeeded, but a severe illness of Ferdinand VII., at St. Ildefonso, prompted him to revoke by a royal rescript the decree abrogating the law of Philip V. The order of succession, as established in 1713, thus remained unimpaired; but the Princess Carlotta, who was then at Seville, travelled express to St. Ildefonso, and exerted her power over Christina so successfully that Ferdinand was induced to recall the royal rescript. Calomarde, the minister, who had witnessed the signature, was disgraced, and, but for a flight into France, would have been assassinated. Ferdinand was in a complete state of imbecility and was led entirely by Zea Bermudez when his majesty made his retraction in Dec., 1832. The Cortes' decision of 1789 was again promulgated, and Don Carlos and his family emigrated to Portugal with the Princess of Beira in May, 1833. On the 20th of June in that year the ceremony of the *jura*, or swearing fidelity to Isabella, took place with great pomp at Madrid; but on the 29th of April previously Don Carlos made a solemn declaration of his rights to the crown of Spain, in default of male heirs to his brother Ferdinand, who died on the 29th of September following, when Queen Christina assumed the regency.

The civil war in Spain then commenced, and an immediate appeal was made to the sword. Christina was in quiet possession at Madrid, and Don Carlos was a refugee in Portugal; but when Cordova, the regent's envoy, delivered to Carlos Quinto the order to repair to Italy, an indignant refusal was given. Zea Bermudez threatened sequestration, but Don Carlos approached the Spanish frontier. There is little doubt that if the prince had possessed military energy he might have entered Spain; and had he, like Napoleon, boldly presented himself to the troops, then commanded by Rodii, they would have taken up arms in his favor. General Saarsfield might have been gained, but Don Carlos' want of foresight and irresolution was his ruin. The Curate Merino and Brigadier Cuevillas were first in the field in

Castile, and several chiefs of note raised the banner of Carlos Quinto in the Basque provinces. These first efforts, if they had been seconded by Saarsfield's adhesion, would have terminated the struggle. At this early period the war assumed a horrible character. Zavala's two daughters had been seized by the Christinos, and with a refinement of cruelty were always placed in the front rank, with their *tirailleurs* to prevent the Carlists from firing on them. Zavala, however, after a fearful paternal struggle, performed his painful duty. He addressed his troops, and opened fire on the enemy, killing the men who led his children in the front rank, but fortunately rescuing them after a severe bayonet charge. The next act of atrocity which stamped the character of this civil war was the trap laid for General Santos Ladron by the Christino chief Lorenzo. Ladron was shot on the 15th of October, 1833, at Pampeluna; and his death, being a popular man in Navarre, was the cause of the rising of that kingdom. The prospects of the Carlists were, however, quite desperate until the appearance of Zumalacarregui. He was born in 1788, and in October, 1833, joined the insurgents in Navarre. The superiority of the great mind soon asserted its mastery, and the ascendancy of his military genius and distinguished bravery was decided on the followers of Don Carlos. We cannot follow him in his career of triumphs, from the moment that he commenced with about a thousand men, and left a well-disciplined army of 30,000, to perish, not, as is too generally believed, by a random shot from Bilbao, but from poison administered by fiends of his own party, jealous of his chivalrous courage, unflinching integrity, and noble patriotism.

We must return to Don Carlos, whom we left suffering dreadful privations during the last days of Miguel's dominion in Portugal. After the successes of Don Pedro's army, Don Carlos was closely pursued by Rodil, who seized in the retreat all the royal baggage, so that the Infanta Francesca (his first wife) declared one day to one of the suite, with a smile, "I have absolutely nothing left but what I have on." Whilst Zumalacarregui's successes were the talk of Europe, and the Duke of Wellington pronounced him to be one of the most surprising warriors of any age, Don Carlos was following in the wake of Don Miguel, till the Evora capitulation drove them out of Portugal. In June, 1834, Don Miguel embarked for Genoa and Don Carlos for Portsmouth. It has been frequently asserted that Don Carlos had given some pledge not to enter Spain as the condition of his embarkation for England; but this assertion has been denied by Don Carlos and every person who negotiated with the English authorities. On the arrival of Don Carlos at Portsmouth, Mr. Backhouse waited on him on the part of Lord Palmerston, to propose the entire renunciation of the prince's claims to the throne, offering, as the condition of this renunciation, a handsome pension from Spain, to be guaranteed by England. Don Carlos' reply was to the same effect as to the propositions of his brother Ferdinand—that he would never renounce his lawful rights. On the 18th the prince landed, and took the title of Duke of Elisondo. During the prince's stay despatches were received from Zumalacarregui, urging his immediate presence in Spain. Don Carlos, having resolved to try his fortunes in the Basque provinces, commissioned Baron de los

Valles, a Frenchman, to make the requisite arrangement. The latter procured passports from Trinidad for Spain, under the names of Sorez and Sanbot, the former for Don Carlos, the latter for Los Valles. Talleyrand, then Louis Philippe's ambassador, was completely duped. Don Carlos, whilst in London, resided at Gloucester-lodge, formerly the residence of Canning. On the 1st of July it was pretended that Don Carlos had fallen ill, and bulletins to that effect were daily inserted in the *Morning Post*. But on leaving Gloucester-lodge the prince went to a Frenchman's house in Welbeck-street, and a lady cut off his moustachios and dyed his hair. After a prayer from the Bishop of Leon, Don Carlos kneeling at his feet, the prince departed for Brighton with Los Valles, and embarked for Dieppe, and passed a night in that port. Los Valles had a violent altercation with the police about the passports, but at length they were granted for the baths of Baginieres. They alighted in Paris at the Hotel Meurice, and from thence went to lodge at the Rue de Bourbon. M. Jauge, the banker, provided funds, and they started in a travelling-carriage from his residence at eight o'clock at night. On the Place Louis XV. a remarkable incident occurred. Louis Philippe and his family met Don Carlos. Baron de los Valles thus describes this singular meeting:—

"Our carriage was at this moment detained by a species of pleasure-car, covered over with a cloth awning. I cast my eyes upon the car to see who were the illustrious travellers for whom our postilion gave way, and I recognized Louis Philippe and his family proceeding to Neuilly. I quickly pointed them out to the king, saying, 'Look before you, sire, and behold your august cousin, the king of the French, who comes to wish you a happy journey.' Charles V. hastened to look at his worthy relative, who erroneously fancied that some evil was brewing to him, and raised his hand to his royal gray hat, graciously lowering it to his Spanish majesty. Queen Amelia and the princesses, her daughters, vied in courtesy with their father. The king laughed heartily at Louis Philippe's salutation, and whispered to me, 'My worthy cousin of Orleans does not suspect that I am traversing his dominions without his leave, and am preparing to tear up with the point of my sword his treaty of the quadruple alliance.'"

Another anecdote is related of this prince, that a postilion, on demanding his perquisite, said to Don Carlos, "You must own that I drove you along as if you had been a king;" to which the prince replied, "If I had been one perhaps you would not have driven so fast." At Bayonne, the Marquis de Lalande, and M. Detroyat, an inn-keeper, concerted the measures for the safe arrival of Don Carlos on the Spanish frontier. The prince, on seeing an eagle rise and soar towards Navarre as he touched his native soil, on July 9, 1834, exclaimed that it was a good omen—one, however, that was not destined to be realized.

Don Carlos was well received; and, had he played the part of the warrior instead of the monarch, his cause would have assumed a different aspect. Zumalacarregui had beaten, in turn, all the queen's generals; but the presence of Don Carlos with a train of priests and civilians impeded his operations. Rodil's pursuit of the prince exposed the latter to severe straits; and, on the night of Sept. 24, 1834, Rodil, Lorenzo, and Oraa

had completely surrounded the prince, who would have been taken but for the guide, Juan Essain, who carried him on his shoulders within pistol-shot of the enemy. Nothing but the affection of the mountaineers for their *Rey* saved him. Don Carlos displayed much firmness in these vicissitudes, but never evinced any disposition to share in the operations of Zumalacarregui. The system of warfare of the Christino generals was to decimate the inhabitants and famish the people by burning the crops. Sanguinary scenes produced Carlist reprisals, and the mutual shootings were appalling. Every species of calamity fell on the devoted Basque population, and the cholera was added to the other horrors. Mina rivalled in cruelty Rodil, and the Carlist chiefs in their turn were equally bloodthirsty. Every prisoner taken on either side was shot. At length the tory ministry came into power, and, although the quadruple treaty was religiously observed, the Duke of Wellington, from sentiments of humanity, charged Lord Elliot and Colonel Gurwood with a mission to the Christino and Carlist generals to put an end to the exterminating character of the war. A secret mission to produce an arrangement completely failed, but the convention for the exchange of prisoners was signed by Valdez and Zumalacarregui, April 28, 1835.

On the 4th of September, 1834, the Princess Francisca, the first wife of Don Carlos, died, in her 35th year, at Alverstock, leaving three sons—Charles, born Jan. 31, 1818, who bears the title of the Prince of Asturias; John, born May 15, 1822; and Ferdinand, born Oct. 19, 1834.

The death of Zumalacarregui, joined to the active coöperation of the British government in favor of the Christinos, and the services of the British legion, were heavily felt by the Carlists. In December, 1836, they were totally defeated at the battle of Luchana, by Espartero, Lord John Hay, and Colonel Wylde. But they again rallied vigorously. In the spring of 1837 the Christinos resolved on a grand movement from St. Sebastian, Espartero taking the chief command, and Evans playing second fiddle. The Carlists, instead of losing strength by defending their lines, suddenly resolved to advance upon Madrid, *via* Catalonia, Valencia, and Aragon. Another potent reason which prompted the royal expedition of 1837, and which has never yet been published, was, that the Basque provinces were completely exhausted, from the burdens imposed on them in keeping the troops, and that a deputation had arrived at Estella, from Madrid, assuring Don Carlos that his presence before the capital would be the signal for a rising in his favor. On the 15th of May this expedition marched, with Don Sebastian as the commander-in-chief, and Moreno as chief of the staff. There may be no indiscretion in now stating what was the amount of money in the hands of the minister of finance, on leaving the provinces. It amounted to less than £110 on the 15th of May, the day of the march. This was the sum to conquer a capital. The first mishap was that Cabrera, who was expected from Aragon with his division, was unable to obey the royal orders. In his absence the Carlists were several times surprised and defeated, and, after great privations, Don Carlos resolved to push on for the Ebro, to join Cabrera, in whom he had great faith. Cabrera began the war with a stick that he cut out of a forest, and knocked a Christino officer off his horse with it, thus acquiring

arms and being mounted. And yet this youth in less than two years was virtually master of Catalonia, Valencia, Aragon, and pushed his guerillas into Castile. On the 29th of June the Ebro was crossed at Cherta in boats provided by Cabrera. "Te Deum" was then sung by the Carlists, and special envoys were despatched to the northern powers to acknowledge Don Carlos as he had passed the Ebro. In the Huerta of Valencia the Carlists fared well, but on the 15th of July sustained a defeat from Oraa, at Chiva, and were shamefully surprised and routed. On the 20th a division of the expedition took place. Cabrera marched towards Castile, and Don Carlos roamed through Lower Aragon. The sufferings of the army were again severe; and at the beginning of August the whole expedition might have been taken if Espartero had done his duty.

Don Carlos kept up his fortitude, and never failed to attend mass and join in the "Te Deum" at every village he entered. The enthusiasm of the population certainly manifested itself strongly everywhere. On the 24th of August, Moreno, having successfully manœuvred to divide the corps of Oraa and Buerens, gave battle to the latter at Villar de Los Navarros, and annihilated his division, taking 3,000 prisoners. After some delay the expedition marched on Madrid, but Zariatégui having failed to arrive with his division, and no movement being displayed by the Carlists in the capital, a quick retreat took place against the wish of Cabrera, who declared that he would for the future act for himself, and thus the Carlist forces were divided. The moral effect of this retreat was never got over. As the misery of the Basque population increased, the Christino stock-jobbers in Paris and London doubled their offers to the Carlist generals; and, after a few of them had been assassinated by Maroto, Don Carlos was driven into France by combined treason and violence. He acted with great timidity on the dispute with Maroto. The latter was a cold-blooded ruffian, who disposed of his enemies by a summary process of shooting without the benefit of clergy.

In 1839 Don Carlos was consigned to Bourges by the French and English governments. The war was kept up a short time in the spring of 1840; but the Count d'Espagne was eventually assassinated in Catalonia, and Cabrera, ill and broken-hearted, was driven into France. The Duke of Victory was established in Madrid, and in turn driven from the kingdom by Queen Christina. The same means that corrupted the Carlist chiefs were employed with the Esparteroites; and his star set in turn, for his young rival, Narvaez, to rise to his position.

The life of Don Carlos since 1839 has been tranquil. He has attended mass daily, and taken his chocolate as regularly. To every plan devised for his escape—and we know of *one* that could not have failed—he has turned a deaf ear. A small allowance was daily forwarded to him by some monarchs, and, with the empty title of king, given to him by a small suite and the French legitimatists, he remained happy. Propositions were repeatedly made to him to allow the Prince of Asturias to try his fortune in Spain; but the Princess of Beira, to whom he was married by procurator in Feb., 1838, and who joined his fortunes at Aspeytia in Oct., 1838, exercised her influence to prevent the prince's escape from Bourges. When the princess entered Spain much was expected from her abilities and courage; but she

had a royalty mania stronger even than that of Don Carlos himself; and the farce of a court in a camp completely baffled the skill of the generals. The wretched train of hungry place-hunters and vulture priests in the track of Don Carlos was his curse from his first entrance into Spain. The honor of this prince is unquestionable, and he possesses the domestic virtues to an eminent degree; but, without common sense or a reflecting mind, he has authorized acts of cruelty foreign to his nature. The Durango decree was a great mistake. He refused to revoke it, however; although he promised, in 1837, that it should not be carried into execution whilst he was *present* with the army. When three British officers fell into the hands of the expedition, and a correspondent of a morning paper, with some heat, told the prince that they must be released, his reply was dignified. He told the Englishman who spoke on behalf of his countrymen, that he required no monitor to advise him to perform a duty of humanity and justice; and the officers were released. Had Don Carlos possessed the slightest approach to military genius he might have been now in Madrid. Very little is required of princes to give them the character of being warriors; but Don Carlos not only studiously kept aloof from the field of battle, but marched at the head of his troops *en bourgeois*; and he has been known, on some saint day, to attend mass *in full uniform*, go to his quarters, and appear before his army ranged in battle *in plain clothes*. He detested even a review, and was rarely persuaded to harangue his troops. In short, a more unfit character to fight for a crown could not have been found; but a kinder-hearted man did not exist. In the privations which he shared equally with all, Don Carlos has been known to divide a black bit of bread or a bunch of grapes amongst his suite.

He fell upon evil times. Ignorance and corruption are now principally perceptible in the Spanish character, whether royalist or liberal; and, although we hear of railroads, Spain is still a century behindhand in civilization. The grandees are a degraded class, the trading classes are debased place-hunters, and although great nobility may be found amongst the peasantry, it is counterbalanced by traits of Moorish ferocity. Self-sufficient vanity and national avarice are now the characteristics of the once proud Castilian.

CALOTYPE.—The improvements recently introduced by M. Claudet into the process of Calotype (more properly Talbotype) are absolutely wonderful. Likenesses are now produced upon paper, which are then placed before a competent artist, who "touches them up," and makes of them portraits. Many advantages are thus obtained—not the least is that the sitter is put to no farther inconvenience or loss of time than twenty seconds, the period which the sun takes to make the unerring outline. We shall recur to this subject, and dwell upon it at greater length; our present purpose is to induce persons to visit M. Claudet's establishment, at the Adelaide Gallery, and examine the marvellous works thus produced, after they have been wrought upon by an accomplished miniature-painter, Mr. Mansion. No human hand has ever obtained such brilliant effects as these, which result from the combined labors of Nature and Art.—*Art Union*.

From the Britannia of 14th June.

THE WORLD.

THE great religious questions which have so much absorbed the attention of Parliament having been now quieted, for the time—however short that time may be, and however unhappy the results of the discussion themselves—leisure is allowed for inquiring what our neighbors of the continent have been doing all the while.

FRANCE.

M. Guizot has returned to his seat in the chamber. His name has been identified with rational views, manly principles, and, the manliest of all, a scorn of bullying and a love of peace. He is no mimic of a military charlatan, brandishing a wooden sword, and shooting off volleys of paper bullets—no coxcomb, invading provinces over his bottle, and cashiering sovereigns in the intervals of scribbling epigrams and *bouts rimés*. But he is an honest man, who knows that all the claptraps of a French theatre, and an illumination of all the garrets of Paris, would not be worth the misery, the havoc, and the crime of half an hour's collision between the navies of France and England. He knows, also, that there is no impolicy so impolitic as war for any other purpose than defence—that wars of aggression are always national calamities—and that Paris has been thrice entered by retaliatory armies within the existing generation. We therefore rejoice at the return of M. Guizot to health, popularity, and power.

On his reappearance in the chamber he made a long and important speech descriptive of his general policy. In allusion to Texas he stated the intention of the French government to be neutrality, in case the Texans actually desired to sink themselves into the United States, but *protection* in case they resolved to maintain their independence. He expressively added, that it was clearly the *interest* of France that they should not be absorbed in the mass of the United States, and that France wholly preferred a balance of the English, American, and Spanish possessions in the New World. The Texans would act wisely in following this suggestion. It ought to give great confidence to their government.

Railways are proposed, talked of, and turned into matters of speculation in France, with all the avidity of the most excitable people on earth. The share market is besieged by crowds, who dance with delight and hang on each other's necks, when shares are purchasable, and who weep, tear their hair, and execrate sun, moon, and stars, when the market is closed. But words exhaust the sensibilities of this lively nation. They have been legislating on railroad systems for the last ten years, and to this hour there is but one railway worth sixpence in all France, and that is the railway which carries the holiday folks of Paris on Sundays to Versailles!

But more solid movements are beginning. English capital, not knowing what to do with itself in London, where consuls are at £100, is looking round the world for employment, and English pounds are pouring into France to cover the soil with railways. England, the blacksmith of mankind, is blackening herself still more, to smelt iron and forge rails for wagon-roads five hundred miles at a stretch. Still, the expenditure of English money flung over the continent may reconcile the restless idlers of France to the continuance of peace. As a nation they will never be an atom

wiser. The chance of conquering Timbuctoo, or scribbling a bulletin from Abyssinia, will always have a charm for France. But the individual in the counting-house becomes quiet by the force of his occupation. A fall in stocks may throw cold water upon a fiery harangue in the chambers; and the conscience which belongs to the proprietor of a dozen or two of shares in a bankrupt railway, with its machines rotting, and its rails torn up—the inevitable consequence of a squabble with England—may reconcile even the bilious Gaul to the calamity of seeing all nations eat their bread in peace for a dozen years to come.

SPAIN.

The intelligence from Spain is of the most satisfactory order that we can expect from Spain. It is quiet, the quietness of a dungeon perhaps; but still, if a great country makes itself a dungeon, it must be governed according to prison laws. Narvaez has proved himself a vigorous gaoler, and his subjects are, beyond all question, infinitely happier, than when every man in every village had his chance of being dragged away by a conscription to fight for Christina, and be shot by the Carlists, or to fight for Carlos, and be shot by the Christinos, caring for neither a peseta all the while. The little queen now travels from city to city, unrobbed, undungeoned, and unslain; the queen mother has become pious since her marriage, and makes a daily pilgrimage round the chapels of Madrid, hearing masses in royal abundance. M. Munoz has degenerated into a duke, exhibits the unhappy gravity of a grandee, takes his chocolate without fear of being assassinated, and is forgotten. The Spaniards talk of making a railroad from Bayonne to Cadiz, which is to throw all the other railroads of the world into the shade, and give the whole nation a new velocity. The share list is headed by a whole battalion of grandees; but we shall not be too sanguine in its ever excavating a foot in a Spanish soil, and shall reserve our dreams of national progress, at least, until it is begun. Still it is impossible to avoid feeling an interest in the countrymen of Don Quixote, and we shall be happy to see Spain expelling the monks, abandoning cigars, thinking that sunshine was made for other purposes than to sleep in, and taking the natural place intended for her clever and pleasant people among the nations of the world. Carlos has abdicated at last; he would have acted more wisely if he had done so ten years ago; but a residence in France is one of the most efficient cures for a desire to live in Madrid; and the easy and undisturbed repose of a French village is naturally felt to be infinitely preferable to the sullen formalities and desperate responsibility of a reign amongst the fierce population, and in the burning plains of Castile.

PORTUGAL.

The intelligence from Portugal is equally satisfactory, and on the same principle. It is quiet. The people, instead of talking politics, of which they know nothing, are ploughing, sowing, and pruning their vines, a much better occupation for mankind than squabbling in the streets and haranguing in coffee-houses. Party in Portugal always envenoms into faction, but party seems now to have grown tired of its follies, and trade supersedes trifling. The fate of those southern countries is among the most curious problems of the modern world. Nature seems to have done

everything for them, as if for the express purpose of showing how her bounties can be counteracted by the follies of man. The soil is inexhaustibly fertile when under irrigation, and the mountains of both Spain and Portugal supply streams which, properly directed, would turn them both into a garden. Their climate is the finest in the world; their position on the ocean and the Mediterranean offers them the commerce of the east and the west; their people are lively, brave, ingenious, and kind-hearted; and yet no two nations of Europe are poorer, more tardy in their progress, and are more torn by civil dissensions. This is to be accounted for but on one ground—the monks are their masters; they are the two most priest-ridden nations in Europe. Superstition has at once degraded the national character and darkened the government. Until better times arrive, they must be a garrison, and must be ruled by the sword. Let them shake off their superstition, the act will make them free, and freedom will give them peace, knowledge, and prosperity.

INDIA.

We now come to our own great colony, India, the noblest acquisition ever obtained by a nation; almost a new continent given into the power of an island, with almost half the circumference of the globe between. The wars, and even the rumors of wars, have ceased; the Punjab is subsiding into quiet—nearly every man who had anything to be robbed of being robbed, and the principal persons of the royal line having been slaughtered. Such are the blessings of human nature when left to itself, or rather such are the hideous evils from which we have been rescued by a purer faith. Treachery, rapine, and blood are the three channels in which the Pagan mind throws out its energies; and the presence of English arms has probably alone protected the multitudes of India from being the victims of massacre every ten years during the century which has now elapsed from the battle of Plassey. A man of intelligence and experience is now at the head of the government. He is employed in vigorously directing the country to the cultivation of its own immense resources. His patronage of the native schools, his encouragement of railways, and the formation of roads and canals, are monuments of his wisdom, which will long survive the glaring honors of Indian conquest. The increasing rapidity of the communication between India and Europe, already gives new interest as well as new power to his exertions, and India will yet become England, on a larger scale. It is wholly impossible to limit the advantages derivable to both countries from their closer intercourse of interests, arising from their closer communication. Steam is the modern arm of power; but in India it will be more effective than even in Europe. The great Asiatic continent is penetrable only by its rivers; and the steam-boat is almost the only effective instrument by which those rivers can be made available. We are, of course, aware that the Indian rivers already support an extensive traffic; but the steamer, making way against the stream, and completing distances in a week, which to the native boats would take a month, is the true worker of the wonders of Indian navigation. Half a century soon passes away, and half a century more may see India taking a vast stride in civilization, in opulence, and even in freedom.

MR. MACAULAY, in a late speech in the House of Commons, made a fierce attack upon the Church of Ireland, which is thus very summarily disposed of, by one who writes as having authority:

The "index learning" of some of the Edinburgh Reviewers is matter of history. Mr. Sidney Smith confessed that, forty years ago, when they wanted a peculiarly alarming motto, they stole it from some such place as the top of an essay in the *Spectator*, (an edition we presume, with translations underneath.) "Not one of us," said he, "had read a line of Seneca." Another illustration of the profound learning of a portion of these gentlemen was given in the house of commons on Wednesday evening. Mr. Macaulay, who is in great esteem at "literary institutions" and mechanics' clubs for breaking history into Ossianic prose, asserted that it was not till a hundred and fifty years after the establishment of the Irish church that the Scriptures were translated into Irish, and that then it was done, not by any of their "lazy prelates," but by Robert Boyle. Now, as Mr. Macaulay has had the modesty to measure himself against Mr. Croker in the matter of dates, and thinks he acquitted himself so well that he republished his effort lest posterity should lose the edification it contains, he cannot object to a little inquiry. The reformation, then, began in Ireland when George Browne was promoted to the see of Dublin in 1535. In 1571, (thirty-six years after,) Queen Elizabeth sent into Ireland a printing press and *Irish* types, "in hope that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother tongue." Nicholas Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, (one of the "lazy prelates,") immediately began the translation, but soon after died. The work was then taken up by William Daniel, Archbishop of Tuam, (another of the "lazy prelates,") who completed the work and published it, and at the same time an *Irish* version of the "*Book of Common Prayer*," A. D. 1602, just sixty-seven years after the commencement of the Reformation. Another of the "lazy prelates," Bishop Bedell, (perhaps Mr. Macaulay may have heard of him,) attained the Irish language at the age of fifty-seven, and translated the "*Old Testament*," which he finished in 1631. Now, the little glimmering of fact on which Mr. Macaulay founded his most disgraceful blunder was this, that for the publication of Bedell's translation Robert Boyle caused types to be cast. And in the face of what difficulties did these Irish Protestant bishops achieve this? In the face not only of the policy of the time, which went (like the policy of our early Norman kings) to force the English language on the people, but also in the face of an act of Parliament passed before Lord Leonard Grey, in Dublin, in 1537, two years after the appointment of Archbishop Browne. This act was called the Irish Act of Uniformity, (we can scarcely expect of Mr. Macaulay that he has ever heard of it,) and it commanded that "spiritual promotions should only be given to such persons as could speak *English*," and that all clergymen should be bound by oath "to endeavor to learn and to teach the *English* tongue, and to preach the word of God in *English*." Thus, so far from the prelates being adverse to or apathetic about the translation of the Bible, it was by prelates only translated, and that at a time when a mistaken policy was discouraging entirely the use of that tongue. Did Mr. Macaulay ever hear of *ignorantia crassa*?

We copy the following poem from the *American Review*, on account of its unusual beauty. Mr. Willis copies it into *The Mirror* with the following remarks:—"In our opinion it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it."—*Critic*.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at
my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had
tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgive-
ness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I
opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder
than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at
my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly
days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"
I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven, wandering from
the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door.
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather
then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his song one
burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden
bore

Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.' "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight
gloated o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,

Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this
lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet
still, if bird or devil;—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead—tell me—tell
me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still,
if bird or devil;

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the
distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon
that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

From the Critic.

Letters from New York. Second Series. By L.
MARIA CHILD. London and New York, 1845.
Wiley and Putnam.

THE first book the Critic was called upon to re-
view after its establishment, now about two years
since, was that delightful volume of letters of
which the present is a continuation. It was with
cordial welcome that we then hailed the appear-
ance in the United States of a writer possessing
undoubted genius, and, above all, having the cour-
age to be original—to think for herself, and to
proclaim her thoughts. In many particulars, and
especially in this of moral bravery, Mrs. Child re-
sembles our own Miss Martineau. But the former
possesses also some gifts which the latter
wants. She has more of the poetical in her na-
ture; her imagination is loftier in its flights and
larger in its capacities. Whatever comes to her
from without, whether through the eye or the ear,
whether in nature or art, is reflected in her writ-
ings with a halo of beauty thrown about it by
her own fancy; and thus presented, it appeals to
our sympathies and awakens an interest which
carves it upon the memory in letters of gold.

But Mrs. Child has yet loftier claims to respect
than a poetical nature. She is a philosopher,
and, better still, a religious philosopher. Every
page presents to us scraps of wisdom, not pedan-
tically put forth, as if to attract admiration, but
thrown out by the way in seeming unconsciousness,
and as part of her ordinary thoughts. In honesty,
The Critic must confess to a want of faith in fe-
male philosophers; but certainly Mrs. Child is an
exception to the general rule. Few men have
thought so deeply, and fewer still have put their
thoughts into such graceful language. Her man-
ner, indeed, is as pleasing as her matter is excel-
lent, and there are few who read the first series
of her letters, or the extracts from them which
appeared in our columns and in other journals,
who will not eagerly turn to this new volume in
hope to repeat the pleasure.

Nor will they be disappointed beyond that dis-
appointment which attends all continuations, the
consequence, probably, of the absence of the inter-
est produced by mere novelty. The same vig-
orous description, the same vein of Christian phi-
losophy, runs through these letters. They are
equally miscellaneous in the topics of which they
treat. Essay, criticism, description, anecdote, at-
tract the reader by turns. In the thirty-one let-
ters here collected, at least a hundred diverse sub-
jects are treated of, just as events chanced to di-
rect the writer's reflections. Some short tales even
are introduced with telling effect. We observe
that the eloquent criticism on Ole Bull's *Niagara*,
cited in The Critic from the *Broadway Journal*,
some two or three weeks since, forms a part of
this very miscellaneous collection of discourses.

Such a work does not admit of formal review,
for it is amenable to no canons of art; nor is it
capable of analysis, for it is framed upon no plan.
It can be exhibited only by extract, which may
show the writer's turn of thought and style of
writing. But even in this are we puzzled—from

the very profusion of passages that tempt the pencil by their beauty or their wisdom. We see that we have thus scored sufficient to fill two Critics at the very least, and, therefore, the still more difficult duty devolves upon us of selecting again from the select; and, unfortunately, in that we must be guided by other consideration than mere intrinsic worth—we must study variety and brevity. But the regret with which we exclude so much that would well reward perusal, is relieved by the consideration that the book is easily procured, and that it is precisely the sort of publication for the book-clubs.

But we will not longer delay to gratify the impatience of our readers for a peep at the authoress herself. Take first,

AN ANECDOTE OF WAR.

"I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they will take it, they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No; we are all Christians.'

"Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

"This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned."

The following is one of hundreds of instances of charity kindled in bosoms long dead to the emotion, by—

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"About this Carol, I will tell you 'a merry toy,' as Jeremy Taylor was wont to say. Two friends of mine proposed to give me a New-Year's present, and asked me to choose what it should be. I had certain projects in my head for the benefit of another person, and I answered that the most acceptable gift would be a donation to carry out my plans. One of the friends whom I addressed was ill pleased with my request. She

either did not like the object, or she thought I had no right thus to change the appropriation of their intended bounty. She at once said, in a manner extremely laconic and decided, 'I won't give one cent.' Her sister remonstrated, and represented that the person in question had been very unfortunate. 'There is no use in talking to me,' she replied: 'I won't give one cent.'

"Soon after, a neighbor sent in Dickens' Christmas Carol, saying it was a new work, and perhaps the ladies would like to read it. When the story was carried home, the neighbor asked, 'How did you like it?' 'I have not much reason to thank you for it,' said she, 'for it has cost me three dollars.' 'And pray how is that?' 'I was called upon to contribute toward a charitable object, which did not in all respects meet my approbation. I said I would not give one cent. Sister tried to coax me; but I told her it was of no use, for I would not give one cent. But I have read the Christmas Carol, and now I am obliged to give three dollars.'

"It is indeed a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely."

Here is the most intelligible and satisfactory definition we have ever seen of

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

"If you wish to know the origin of the word transcendentalism, I will explain it, briefly and simply, as I understand it.

"All who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that all knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses; and thence passes to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding.

"The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest, and therefore most universal truths, are revealed within the soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure reason, which some of their writers call 'the God within,' they believe that all perceptions of the good, the true, and the beautiful are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the understanding, with its five handmaids, the senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws," &c.

Mrs. Child vouches for the authenticity of the following curious incident in natural history:—

THE TWO FOXES.

"He (the narrator) was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of

geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time, he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might be naturally expected, under the circumstances."

Excellent is the recommendation to parents and teachers with which she concludes these

THOUGHTS ON CEMETERIES.

"I revisited Greenwood Cemetery a few days ago, and found many new monuments; one of which particularly interested me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.'—2 Kings iv. 26. This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born and when he died, but simply 'the day he came hither, and the day he went home.' Why Christians should have chosen a skull and cross-bones for their emblem of death seems incomprehensible. The Greeks, notwithstanding their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as a gentle and beautiful youth; sometimes as a sleeping winged child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers. Even Samael, the awful death-angel of the Hebrews, resembling our popular ideas of the devil, was always said to take away the souls of the young by a kiss.

"If we really believed that those who are gone from us were as truly alive as ourselves, we could not invest the subject with such awful depth of gloom as we do. If we would imbue our children with distinct faith in immortality, we should never speak of people as dead, but as passed into another world. We should speak of the body as a cast-off garment, which the wearer had out-

grown; consecrated indeed by the beloved being that used it for a season, but of no value within itself."

An extraordinary incident that occurred in the family of the authoress, when the yellow fever prevailed like a plague at Boston, will so powerfully interest the reader, that though somewhat long, we must extract it.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, 'Bring out your dead.' The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, 'I am sure he is not dead.' The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, 'If you bury him, you shall bury me with him.' At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay

motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

VOLUME VIII. OF PUNCH.

MIDSUMMER is come; and with all its other glories—its sun and flowers—"the pomp of groves, and garniture of fields"—brings with it that additional blessing to the human family,—Another Volume of Punch!

And mankind—it delights us to avow the ennobling truth—mankind is touched with gratitude for the felicity! Mr. Gibbon, who wrote about those homicidal and burglarious rascals, the Romans, deemed it a matter for his especial thanks, that he was born the member of a civilized nation: that he was not born a Hottentot Gibbon, to be girdled with ovine offal—not an Esquimaux Gibbon, with a fish-bone through his nostrils—but an English Gibbon, inheriting the decencies of broad-cloth and silken hose, and privileged for rump-steaks and port like any other Christian gentleman. In the like way, let the present generation of men express a rapturous thanksgiving that they live in the printing days of Punch! Let them, however, not be vainglorious or arrogant in their happiness. No: whilst the small tear of gratitude twinkles in their right eye for a peculiar blessing, let them think with mournful pity—with affectionate tenderness on the benighted condition of their forefathers. For *they*—poor souls!—lived not in the typographic days of Punch!

But men are grateful. The hearts of the Antipodes beat toward us! There is no infant colony throughout the world that does not hold forth to us its little hands, even as babies hold forth theirs to their loving fathers, to be nursed and dandled. And we are proud of this affection! Very proud; albeit we continue to walk without silver trumpets before us, and hitherto have not mounted a peacock's feather in our Sunday beaver!

We have selected this page wherein to write a letter to all the powers of earth—to acknowledge their kind intentions towards us, briefly—but oh! with what sincerity!

All the crowned heads that glorify this otherwise shabby world have sent deputations to *Punch*—(he has said not a word of the matter in his own Court Circular)—inviting him to pass the midsummer holidays at their several courts. "Dearest, sweetest *Punch*,"—so runs the tenor of their invitations—"you will have finished your Eighth Volume; come, and make merry with us; come, and make us frolic with your mirth—thoughtful with your wisdom."

It gave us some pain to refuse the summons to Windsor Castle. But as the said summons was accompanied with a notification that our visit must be kept a profound secret—inasmuch as it was hinted the presence of literary and artistic genius at the royal table might bring it into disrepute—

we felt that we owed it to our illustrious Order—the Order of the Goose-Quill and Pencil—not to visit even Windsor *incog*.

Louis Philippe pressed us, very kindly, to the Tuileries. And had Joinville been at sea, we think we should—despite of all old differences—have gone. But we were afraid that that mischievous boy would have primed our cigar with gunpowder, have put detonating stuff in our pillow, or have committed some trick that we must have chastised him for, and—we would not break the *entente cordiale* between the two countries.

Queen Isabella graciously promised us, if we'd visit Madrid, one of her sweetest *bonbons*, besides the Order of the Lolly Pop! But old *Punch* is not to be caught with sugar—especially Spanish sugar.

And then for the Court of Portugal! No, thought we; we would rather visit a Court of St. Giles; for though we hate dirt, still there we should have it unmixed with the worst dirt of the world—pride.

Metternich, on the part of his master, was civil; but we thought of Italy, of the blood of Bandieras, and we said—no!

President Polk begged we would honor America. "No, no," said we; "you Americans rob poor *Punch* enough, as it is: if he were to trust himself bodily among you, you might suddenly take a fit of Yankee honesty, and sell him, it may be to Russia, to pay off your debts."

And coming to Russia, reminds us that Baron de Brunow waited on us to tempt us to St. Petersburg (and thence to Siberia.) We must, however, say thus much in praise of the ambassador's modesty: he knew what *Punch* thought of Nicholas, and had not the impudence to put the question. The baron, having caught our indignant eye, vanished in confusion.

We received a very flattering invitation from Kingling Dan I. of Ould Ireland. His Majesty assured us, that if we would only come as guest to Dublin, we should not be very much hooted—and that only "the smallest taste in life" of eggs and gutter-mud would be thrown into our carriage.

Our page would burst did we try to cram into it all the royal invitations—from that of China down to Morocco—sent us for the present balmy midsummer. No, said we, we will go to none of your courts. No; we will visit neither Paris, nor St. Petersburg, nor Pekin—but we will go quietly and philosophically to Herne-Bay.

"Meanwhile," said we to the different deputations, "what a blessing is it that if *Punch* in person will not or cannot visit all or any of your courts, he can nevertheless appear there in all the glory of type, in all the emblazonment of illustration." All the deputations seemed touched with this profound truth; and putting their hands upon their grateful hearts, they all withdrew. And we, falling back in our easy-chair, saw in a vision thousands of genii carrying "*Punch*, Vol. 8," to the furthestmost corners of the earth!

"For ourself," said we, "we certainly will take packet for Herne-Bay. But we trust that there will be no firing of the Tower guns on the occasion. The majesty of Letters needs not noise and smoke to tell of its whereabouts."

We shall arrive at Herne-Bay, quietly, unostentatiously. If the One Policeman of the Town be on the jetty to receive us, we shall be more than satisfied.

Such is the modesty of true greatness! Kings and conquerors, take a lesson from *Punch*!

THE PRADO OF MADRID.—The Prado, at full promenade time, and especially on Sundays and holidays, presents an animated and interesting scene. Each class selects the avenue most suited to its habits and tastes; but *El Salon* is the point of attraction for the *beau monde*.

How gracefully the *senoras* and *senoritas* float and flutter along the gay *parterre*, where many-colored uniforms and diversified costumes sprout up in every direction to divert and do homage to them! Here are assembled the beauties of every part of Spain, and in no country in the world can there be a brighter display of female loveliness than on the Prado of Madrid.

Although French fashionable bonnets had become much in vogue, still the more elegant national costume—the mantilla—predominated. It is worn and arranged with a natural grace which enchants the beholder. A Spanish lady seems always to have some little matter to adjust, which sets off to advantage the quiet elegance of her deportment.

The mantilla is drawn a little more forward, or gently moved a trifle less so; it is crossed in front, or uncrossed, and through its transparent network of lace or blond are seen the beautiful head and throat rising from a bust of most elegant contour. The mantillas are both white and black, but the latter are more general, and are to my taste the most becoming.

And the *abanico*!—the fan! Oh, what magic there is in that little zephyr-coaxing telegraph! Folded and unfolded with a careless ease which none but Spanish women can display; waved quickly in recognition of a passing friend, acquaintance, or party; elevated, opened over the forehead to screen it from the rays of the sun, or employed in a multiplicity of other ways—the fan plays an important and attractive part in the hand of a Spanish lady. I have heard it whispered that it is occasionally made the medium of a mysterious intercourse, on sundry subjects interesting to the fair possessors of the code of signals. I am not so happy as to possess the key to them, and am disposed to think that they are more frequently used as kind and playful signs of recognition than as vehicles of intrigue.—*Trench's Travels*.

THE ANDALUCIAN WOMEN.—You mistake if you conceive that the Spanish lady differs much in exterior manner from other ladies in the more highly civilized parts of Europe. No such thing. The influence of fashion and the spread of superficial accomplishments assimilate and conventionalize the general aspect of intercourse and manners more and more daily, in all European countries. But there is an intensity, a sincerity, and an artlessness of character here that you do not meet elsewhere. I must add my belief, too, without being tight-laced, that there is somewhat too much facility and abandon. The children of the South are the children of passion; and of no part of the south of Europe is this more especially true than of the delicious skies and odoriferous bowers of the Andalusian paradise. The eyes of the daughters of southern Spain are at once deeply tender and magnificently lustrous, and their hearts are as tender as their eyes, their souls as passionate.

Where the restraints of refined society are removed, and there is no pretension to the rank of lady, all these characteristics are seen in their natural play and full development. Loves and jealousies spring out here in the open air, in lux-

uriant exuberance of branch and foliage, drinking the radiance of the diamond-rayed sun that bathes them in a sea of light—loves and jealousies which, in the north, in their fullest manifestations, are but slight and sickly plants. The blood courses fuller and freer here through the veins; no pallid complexions; no feeble, colorless eyes; no light, thin hair is seen. The organs are all matured and powerful; the eyes dark, large, and lustrous; the hair black, profuse, and strong; the cheek brown and richly tinted. I speak of the young, and of the generality, or of those who are tolerably good-looking. An aptitude for love is impressed on all their features, diffused over their forms, imparted by the very air they breathe, and by the sunshine with which it is impregnated.

Love forms a large part of the Andalusian woman's existence; it is mixed up with her daily avocations; it forms the essence of her amusements; it goes with her to church! But it would be a cruel and brutal thing to infer that it is an impure love—a love which leads to criminal excesses. There are probably somewhat more frequent lapses—very few more—than occur in northern Europe.—*Revelations of Spain*.

NARVAEZ.—General Don Ramon Narvaez, the successful hero of the day, looks precisely the daring, energetic, obstinate, and iron-nerved soldier of fortune which he is. In habits, manners, and appearance, he is of the purest military breed; blunt and off-handed in his address, overbearing in disposition, slow to take advice, impolitic, violent, and very determined in his proceedings. His dark moustache has the rough campaigner's cut, and his pale, stern, and somewhat cruel countenance betokens his unbending character.

In stature he is rather above the middle size, and his wiry and sinewy person is well suited to the saddle and the field. You can read at once in his eye decision and promptitude; you can find tokens there of the rapid movements which made him master of Madrid, and an evidence, too, of the severity which would readily make a victim.

He is sumptuous and showy in his habits, but not luxurious in his tastes, and is always ready in his food and drink to rough it like a campaigner. These various qualities have endeared him to the army, with the bulk of which he is popular, and exercises over the officers a singular degree of influence. But he has numerous enemies, nevertheless, amongst the class of privates and petty officers; and his shooting of five sergeants and three common soldiers, last autumn, for demanding permission to quit the service, to which they were entitled by solemn promise, will never be forgotten.

No man ever ran greater risks than Narvaez, and Hernan Cortés in the Mexican capital was scarcely surrounded by more inveterate enemies.

* * * * This it is which has broken his sleep and his health, and given him the haggard look which, like Christina, he wears at times. Night is changed into day by his intrigues at the palace, his negotiations with military and other parties, and his secret dealings with the Camarilla. Sleep is snatched irregularly, often entirely destroyed; and, in addition to constant occupation, he is doomed to a life of alarms. He has more personal enemies than ever Quesada had, or probably than any other man has made in modern Spain; and, yielding to the irresistible bent of his character, he goes on daily making more.—*Revelations of Spain*.

From the Critic.

L'Europe depuis l'Avènement du Roi Louis-Philippe. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. (*Europe since the Accession of Louis Philippe.*) Vols. I. and II. London, 1845, Dulau.

THE French regarded the second restoration of the Bourbons with feelings very different from those with which they had welcomed their first return. They came at first as the messengers of peace; they reassumed a government from which they had been expelled, with old hatreds mollified and modified by the fearful reaction of the revolution. But at the latter period, upon the downfall of Napoleon, events had greatly changed the relationship of parties. The French army had been routed at Waterloo, its hero had been exiled to St. Helena, the troops of the allies held Paris. The Bourbons came, accompanied by the enemies of France, as the conquerors of her people. Every act of retribution, every exercise of the rights of conquest, the disgrace of defeat, the oppression of victory, the death of Ney, the restoration of the trophies of the Louvre, and the limitation of territory; all were associated with the Bourbons, or attributed to them. Accordingly, from its very origin, the restoration was disliked. Parties were soon formed, which, whilst upholding the wildest opposition of opinions, yet united in asserting—"the charter must be maintained, and the Bourbons will not maintain it!" And they were right; the ministers of Louis XVIII. carried on against the charter a war of petty thefts and paltry invasions, and left to his successor a government hateful in its origin and now viewed with both suspicion and contempt. The military still cherished the memory of the empire; its partisans were numerous, and the death of its great chief had powerfully reorganized opinion in its favor. Of the higher classes, some maintained the doctrine of hereditary right, but the majority were constitutionalists, who desired a modification of the government, and its reestablishment upon the basis of that of England in 1688. To these might be added the religious party, which incessantly clamored for concessions, dangerous even to consider, impossible to grant. The vast mass of the population was prepared for any change, but desired chiefly a war and a republic. The doctrines of the church were despised, and a species of religious philosophy prevailed—a fusion of the systems of St. Simon and Fourier. Charles X. might yet have reigned, but for one power he had provoked—the press. It was against this his *coups d'état* were levelled, and it was by this he fell. So great was its importance, that Prince Metternich considered it as the actual government of France, and said, "If I were not the prime minister of Austria, I would be a journalist at Paris." Such was the political and social condition of France in 1830, which it is necessary to review before considering the events which led to the accession of Louis Philippe. We shall now select such passages from this work as are likely to interest our readers, observing that M. Capefigue's sympathies seem rather to linger with the former dynasty than to belong to the present; but this has in no degree lessened our estimation of the value of his volumes, or his merits as an author, since they have not led him, like Thiers, to neglect evidence, or to indulge in that party spirit which pervades the otherwise valuable history of the same period by Louis Blanc.

CHARLES X.

"No king ever maintained a higher opinion of the rights of the throne, and the feeling of French nationality, than Charles the Tenth. His character for frankness and generous confidence was incontestable; but he was governed by two ideas—tenacity in resolution, and the most exaggerated conception of his own capacity. The active duties which the emigration had enjoined, and the position he had occupied as leader of a party against Louis XVIII. had perhaps created and strengthened this desire of doing everything himself, and of governing solely by the direction of his own will. He has been described as a prince controlled by a Camarilla; this was to mistake him; he alone directed his ministers, even to the extent of ridiculing the inefficiency of his most intimate favorites, the Prince Polignac, the Dukes of Rivière and Fitzjames. He had counsellors indeed; but on this condition, that he was always to exercise over them the most supreme control—as one better acquainted with the political state of France, and all its most fitting method of government. Since the appointment of Prince Polignac, the real premier of the administration was, in fact, the king. If his knowledge was limited, that deficiency was supplied by a naturally good understanding; his religion was enlightened, and had less of the *parti prêtre* about it than has been stated. He possessed the art of governing men to an extreme degree, not alone by his opinions, but by the indescribable charm of his method of expression; and the heart readily yielded to persuasions, from which it was difficult to escape, when impressed at once by the supremacy of his position and the graceful dignity of his person. The ministers who signed the ordinances were rather induced to do so by the king, than his instigators to that act. Yet, with all this, he sought popularity! desired the applause of the multitude! and his heart was saddened and constrained when he passed amid the silence, or felt himself unnoticed in the presence of his people. Singular contradiction;—he wished to be popular, and marched armed with *coups d'état* to war against popular rights."

THE DAUPHINESS.

"Maria Theresia Charlotte, Dauphiness of France, (whom Napoleon considered as the only man of her family,) was in every respect superior to her husband. The qualities of the dauphin were rather sound than brilliant; he had good sense, was of a generous disposition, had studied the spirit of the age, and understood the concessions which were due; but he cherished the doctrine that the heir of the throne should be the first to evince the most implicit obedience to the king; and thus allowed the adoption of measures he wanted the courage to oppose. The dauphiness was of a character more firm. She evinced no longer, or but feebly, that haughty expression of feeling with which she had been reproached at the first restoration. The necessity of concession had already wrought many changes in her mind. Without any liberal tendencies, she saw that when once a revolution has pervaded a nation it has scattered the seeds of both good and evil; and that to rule, we must learn how to respect not only commonly-acquired rights, but conquests the most opposed to our own convictions, even as Henry IV. had done. All opinions, then so prev-

alent upon her character, were erroneous. It was said that she was excessively religious; true; but her piety was real and enlightened, and sought not to be distinguished by a courtly train of bishops and of priests. As her misfortunes had been infinite, so had they left their impression; she could not abandon herself to a careless gaiety of life, and for this she was reproached: but yet there was still mingled with this an asperity both of manner and of speech, and when excited, and reassuming then all the ancient pride of her house, her opinions were imperatively expressed. Nevertheless, her firm and correct understanding, and the recollections of her misfortunes ever exercised a great influence over the king."

The sketch on the early career of Louis Philippe we must pass, as too generally known; but we would particularly direct attention to M. Capefigue's narrative of a conversation with M. de Salvandy, at a ball given by the present king of the French, shortly before the revolution of July, and at which Charles X. was present. That the *then* Duke of Orleans arranged the plot of the drama it is impossible to assert, since that was the construction of the ministry and the court; but that he foresaw his future position; that he had long studied the characters of the performers, and that he knew how to guide them, felt his necessity in the state, and was prepared for the reverse or victory of popular resistance to the king's measures, none, we apprehend, can doubt. He had with him the majority of the upper, the entire middle, class of France; the Imperialists were opposed to the king; the Royalists were divided; the influence of the clergy was prejudicial. At this moment M. Capefigue thus describes the

MORAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

"The education of the lower classes was conducted upon the system of mutual instruction, a dry and technical method, which taught them to read and to write, without any discipline of the mind or feelings. Thus once capable of reading, they abandoned themselves to the guidance of newspapers and party writings; the events of 1793 became a hallowed recollection, and what they could spare from their hard-earned wages was subscribed to a celebrated 'History of the Revolution,' and the works of Dulaure; from thence their hatred of kings, of the clergy, and aristocracy. For them France had, prior to 1789, no political existence; beyond that period all was fanaticism and imbecility; as if any fanaticism could exceed that of the Jacobins, any imbecility that of the dreamers of 1794! Contempt was lavished upon the crown and the clergy; the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau were in every room, and the worst works of the former were circulated from hand to hand. Revolutionary terms were yet popular among them; the harangues of Camille Desmoulins or of Père Duchêne, and the traditions of the clubs, were cited and recalled; the priest was still nicknamed the *calotin*; the wealthy, *aristocrats*; the noble, *muscadin*; and their leaders sought but an opportunity to destroy those whom they had taught the masses to detest by passions inherited from the assemblies of 1792. In a great city, moreover, there is always a class lower than the low; a class ever fluctuating and impossible to define; the offspring of the assize courts and the streets; bold, hardy, enterprising, because habituated every day to risk their liberty and their life for bread,

and the more anxious for a revolution, since it offered a fairer chance of plunder."

What follows is of great importance, considering certain recent indications of the newspaper press, and the opinions these have elicited:—

"This class, thus so fatally the sport of every wind of faction, was still more mischievously influenced by much recent popular literature. They were by this taught and became accustomed to the use of the slang of the galleys and the prisons; crime was palliated, or elevated into importance; the accused was proud of his honors; his career was traced with interest, and the daily press gave publicity to the most shameless practices and the most horrible details. Then appeared the memoirs of Vidocq, those also of the hangman—the whole (Newgate) calendar of crime.

"If honest and industrious workmen were found, they dwelt for the most part in the faubourgs *pêle-mêle*, in the same room, like droves of cattle. Of their children, few were baptized; and if some feeling of piety yet lingered in the mind of the mother—if with a mere mechanical compliance with forms, the rite of the first communion was subsequently performed, it was of no greater moment than a change of clothes. No external sign marked the recipient's adhesion to the church. Sunday was a day of labor; churches were empty, and the theatres were full; and at every barrier the eye traced numbers forgetful, in drunken abandonment, of every law of decency, and surrounded by crowds of young girls, exposed to seductions of the grossest kind."

We would here willingly extend our extracts. The opinions of M. Capefigue may be possibly overstrained, but they are ably and eloquently expressed: and the portion of his work, "Sur les classes diverses en 1830," is deserving of particular attention. Of the value of what Mr. Disraeli would call a "party cry," the following is an amusing sketch:—

"The son of a soldier, an old soldier, perhaps himself the workman, walks to combat by a species of blind instinct. Ask him not why he fires; he has no reason to give you. A party color, a word, a man, inflame his pride or render him delirious with enthusiasm and joy. For fourteen years they have incessantly in his hearing dwelt on the benefits of liberty and the innumerable advantages of a revolution; there are names he is accustomed to cherish with respect, and the journals have made these famous. As he must have a 'party cry,' he is as ready to shout out 'Vive Lafayette!' as formerly 'Vive le Roi!' or 'Vive l'Empereur!' To the result he is indifferent, be it a monarchy, a republic, or the empire—this is of no moment; his mission is to destroy, be it church or palace, for the lower class has an instinct in this respect—it loves to try its power, like a strong but passionate child, and yet withal never does so, but with a changed mood of generous feelings and passions not always associated with evil purpose."

We need not dwell on the conduct of the ministry, resolved to war with such a population; it was the incarnation of incapacity. The king, convinced of the justice of his cause, was persuaded that his subjects felt as he did; the minister, mastered by the etiquette of a court which tolerated no opposition to that king's will, was fain to believe all Paris equally subservient. The king hunted, and was only more loquacious than

usual, as men are wont to be who feel the necessity of justifying to others acts which they are conscious to be disapproved. The ministry, who had the courage to rouse rebellion, had not exercised the commonest caution for its repression. Marmont hated his mission, and the troops were disheartened. Paris in three days dethroned for a second time the Bourbons. Here is a scene often painted, part of the "Pictorial History of Versailles," but which has never been better described:—

THE PROCESSION TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

"The deputies struggled along on foot, amidst the shouting populace. There was the Duke of Orleans, every feature of his face indicative of vexation and distress, surrounded and followed by a ragged crowd, and, mixed together, hackney coaches, sedan chairs, the crutches of Benjamin Constant, scowling combatants, here and there some citizen in the uniform of the National Guard, and on reaching the Place de Grève, a vast mass undulating on all sides, whose arms glistened in the sun. M. de Lafayette had the courtesy to point out the principal heroes, some of whom insulted the prince by their gestures as he passed. As they advanced, the scene became more painful—men were seen in the wildest excitement, whose shouts reëchoed through the halls of the hotel, 'Down with the Bourbons!' 'No more kings!' 'Death to Charles X.!' And here the high courage of the duke was shown. As the clamor for a moment subsided, his voice was heard defending the king—'You deceive yourselves;' and, moving his hand as if to obtain silence, he added, 'the king never sought to violate the charter.' As they circled around him, to render outrage more easy, Lafayette took him by the hand and led him away; and then took place that scene the artist has so often selected—the sudden appearance of the duke on the balcony, leaning on Lafayette, and waving the tricolor, which denoted the alliance of the lieutenant-general and the Hôtel de Ville."

Let us contrast this accession to the throne with the following of "the abdication." Charles X. was quitting France, and thus bade adieu to the few who had not yet abandoned him. It is by an eye-witness, M. Damas:—

THE ABDICATION.

"The column of the guards occupied the narrow passage which led to the principal staircase, and mounted slowly in the strictest order. The noise of their footsteps alone was heard as they fell heavily on the steps. They were ranged in two large rooms, into the second only of which I was able to enter; but mounting a chair, I saw distinctly the grey discredited king. He no longer wore his accustomed uniform, but a plain blue coat without star or decoration, and led by the hand of the young Duke de Bordeaux, of whom I could just obtain a glimpse. The dauphin was on his right. The other members of the royal family I could not see, but they were present. The deputation of the guards did not approach the king in the manner which for fifteen years we have been instructed to believe. As they stood in his presence there was a momentary silence; yet it seemed an eternity. I held my breath, lest I should mar its solemnity. It was broken by sounds of grief from the men, who rushed from their ranks and grasped the hands of

their fallen master, and whose spirit was subdued even unto tears. The sight of so many soldiers thus bowing down before one old man, and the children of his race, so affected me, that I staggered from my place, ashamed to be erect when all around me were thus prostrate in respect. 'Come, come, my friends,' said the king, 'calm yourselves; must I then be the consoler?' This appeal was felt; silence was restored; the ranks were again formed, the ensigns of each battalion advanced, and placed in the king's hands the colors of the regiment. The king touched the silk of each as a captain upheld the four, and then elevating his voice, he said, 'Soldiers, I take these colors; you have known how to guard them with honor; I trust one day my grandson will have the happiness to restore them to you.'"

Such was the last act, such the last words of the king, whilst he yet lingered on a land he had stained with civil war. The character of Charles X. of France may be compared in some respects with that of our first Charles of England. Both were brave and fond of government; alike educated and protectors of the arts; personally attractive by their manners; of a generous and affable nature; but equally ignorant of the condition of their country and the temper of their people. Charles X. had more firmness; Charles I. greater activity; but both fell by the unreasoning conviction of their rights, and an appeal to the sword for their assertion.

To conclude; if this work be continued in the spirit with which it is commenced, it cannot fail to interest. M. Capefigue has evidently studied the history of the period he describes. His views of European politics, his opinions upon the leading men of France, and the causes and consequences of the revolution of July, will naturally be accepted or disapproved according to the political bias of the reader. It is impossible to write the history of our own time with impartiality, as it is impossible for a strong mind, or one susceptible of impressions, to be indifferent to its action. As we stand in relation to our contemporaries, so we are interested in their course of life; they reflect our opinions and by their public conduct the future will estimate our own. No man is so humble as to believe his own utter unimportance; every one conceives he has his type, and the worship of great names is often the adulation of ourselves. M. Capefigue condenses ably, writes eloquently, is moderate in his opinions, and evidently seeks to produce a work useful as a contribution towards the history of party, and not valueless as a guide to those who may hereafter, when events can be more dispassionately traced, become the historians of the reign of Louis Philippe.

ANOTHER NEW SPEC.—Among the speculations at present in progress is a Great Libyan Desert and West End Junction Arabian Sand Association, for the purpose of supplying England and the continent of Europe with sand paper. Tables have already been prepared, showing the daily consumption of this useful article in the metropolis alone; and it is suggested that by the manufacture of scouring paper also, the company will be able to take advantage of the present rage for travelling, and put it in the power of any person of moderate means to scour the whole of the continent. A sample of the sand may be seen at the company's temporary (very temporary) offices in Tooley Street.—*Punch*.

From the Tribune.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—SOME OF ITS RESULTS.

It is now almost certain that within a few months the Magnetic Telegraph, which is literally material thought, and flies as swift, absolutely annihilating space and running in advance of time, will be extended to all the great cities in the Union—so that a net-work of nerves of iron wire, strung with lightning, will ramify from the brain, New York, to the distant limbs and members—to the Atlantic seaboard towns, to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, St. Louis and New Orleans—and that every commercial, political or social event transpiring at either of these points will be known at the very instant it happens, in all! When the message of the President is read to Congress at Washington, the citizens of Cincinnati, New Orleans and St. Louis will follow it, word by word and line by line; and the editors there will have the message, together with their own leaders and commentaries, spread before their readers thousands of miles from the capitol, while the speaker is taking a chew of tobacco and turning up his wristbands, previous to putting the question of adjournment. The sales of stocks in Wall street will be regularly reported as they transpire, in all these cities, and the capitalist on the banks of the Mississippi may stop as he goes to dinner to see how his "fancies" have fluctuated since yesterday's Second Board. On the arrival of foreign advices at New York or Boston, the cotton-broker at Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans will be informed of the state of the market in Liverpool, before our own citizens have had time to get an extra Tribune into their fingers. If a man is run over by an omnibus in Broadway and dangerously wounded, his wife in Louisville can be informed of the accident before he has recovered his senses, and may continue her solicitous inquiries every five minutes until he is fairly taken to the hospital and pronounced out of danger. If a treacherous villain seduces his friend's wife and escapes, with as much of her husband's property as they can easily carry, or if a bank is robbed or a forgery committed, the fact is instantaneously communicated to every part of the Union, and the culprits may hope in vain to escape recognition and detection. In short, all the ordinary services in conveying intelligence at present performed by the newspapers in regular course of mail—or perhaps on extraordinary occasions pushed through a few hours in advance by expensive and uncertain private expresses—will be completely usurped by the Telegraph, which will do the business in perfect ease and quiet; no puffing, no blowing, no foundering of express-horses, no exploding of locomotives, no breaking of necks nor running off railroad tracks, and not a single second of time intervening between the event and the universal diffusion of the intelligence.

Here is certainly a most important and extensive revolution foreshadowed—and the shadow falls clearly from one simple and palpable fact. What will be some of the consequences of these changes in the method and time of transmitting intelligence? First, the post-office department will be despoiled of at least one half its letter-carrying business; as full that number of letters are written by business men and others for the purpose of conveying intelligence to distant points in the shortest possible space of time. Well—if, by the

use of a simple cipher, this intelligence can be sent at once by Telegraph, three, five, ten and twelve days in advance of the mail, what need will there be for sending it through the post? In fact, the whole body of our commercial correspondence, which forms so important an item in the post-office department business, will be transferred at once and completely to the Telegraph office; and the mail will become a still tolerably convenient but antiquated and dyspeptic institution—invalided in the public service and therefore maintained by charity at the public expense—employed by sighing swains and sentimental misses to effect exchanges of porcelain vases and doggerel verses, which—the ones broken and the others lame—will go jogging and jingling along on rickety railroads and dilapidated steamboats.

The next thing to be affected by the Telegraph will be the railroad and steamboat companies. Probably two thirds, and we think three quarters or seven eighths, of the travel in first-class cars or in the cabins of steamboats is strictly on business, undertaken because there is a necessity for it, and at an expense which the travellers would gladly avoid. Now, then—how much of this business can be transacted by means of the Telegraph, through which agents and principals, planters and consignees, producers and manufacturers, capitalists and lawyers, can converse with as much ease and secrecy as if they were face to face? Why, of course, nearly the whole of it! and thus will melt away a large portion of the receipts of our railroad and steamboat monopolies. But they will still be wanted for the conveyance of emigrants and the transportation of freight, and may make shift to live, by moderate charges and faithful performance of services.

But the most important and thoroughly revolutionary result of the Telegraph will be upon the daily press. This will inevitably lose its character as the rapid and indispensable carrier of commercial, political and other intelligence. For this purpose the newspapers will become emphatically useless. Anticipated at every point by the lightning wings of the Telegraph, they can only deal in local "items" or abstract speculations. Their power to create sensations, even in election campaigns, will be greatly lessened—as the infallible Telegraph will contradict their falsehoods as fast as they can publish them, correct their Munchausen returns before the ink is dry in which they are written, and in short lay bare the actual state of the field at every point to every point at once; so that fraud and deception will be next to impossible, and altogether useless. The moment the votes are counted, for instance, on the Presidential ticket, in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and three or four of the Southern States, (for the Presidential election is to be held everywhere on the same day, hereafter,) the final result will be instantaneously known throughout the Union, and weeks of doubt, hope, apprehension and agony prevented. We think the Telegraph office in New York, in November, 1848, will be rather inconveniently crowded!

The journals being thus deprived of their character as newspapers—no second editions with sales of stocks and review of the market, for country circulation—no commercial department in fact at all, as it would only be a dead waste of time and paper—no "Important and Thrilling News from Bungtown" to be displayed in six-line pica and pushed off in extras and by pigeon

expresses—what must they do? Die they (or at least the best of them) cannot—decrease their circulation they will not, for that would raise the price, and this is against the tendency of things, which is everywhere toward easy acquisition of comforts and necessities. The people have got over their ignorance, their lethargy—their chrysalite stupidity and darkness—and they must and will have newspapers. They could as well dispense with sermons and schoolmasters. What then are the newspapers to do? Why—the necessity for filling their columns with gossip and horrible accidents and unmeaning acres of disjointed incidents being done away with, the whole class of *mere newspapers* will either go out of existence without saying a word, or submit to a total and awkward change of character: while the philosophical press, which knows and feels the momentous changes that are going on beneath the surface of society, and keeps itself within the mighty current of progress, will feel its thousand hands untied and itself let loose to discuss at length and leisure the vast questions which are beginning to present themselves like gigantic and distorted statues through the mist that still shrouds the future. The fearful and dissolving criticisms upon the horrible abuses and corruptions of society and the results of the present social system, which ten or a dozen years ago fell dead from the columns of *Le Globe* upon a world not then prepared to read or understand or be interested in aught but news and gossip, will now be revived and hurled with Cyclopaean force against an already tottering civilization. The true Synthesis of science as a unity will be discussed and discovered; and the interests and ends of Physics, Physiology and Noology—embracing in a one yet infinitely diversified individuality all the interests, the progress and the destiny of humanity—will form the “leaders” and the “articles” of the Daily Press. Thus the deeper thoughts and capacities of the world will at length be aroused, and the press, become the arena of all great ideas and discussions, upon which hinge the centuries that are to bring us Paradise and the future, will gradually lift the public mind to its own high standard.

THE BAL COSTUME.

FETES are so rare at the court of St. James', that we can hardly wonder, when one of great splendor occurs, that it should occupy the attention of the gossips of the town for a time to the exclusion of all other topics. It was a whimsical fancy of her majesty to fix the period of 1750-60 for illustration—so starched in dress, with its stiff brocade and hoops—and so unnatural in appearance, with its powder, and patches, and curls;—to revive the age of Chesterfield and Grandison—of Jack Sheppard and Captain Macheath. Then costumes were magnificent without grace, and costly and cumbersome without being picturesque. But the queen's commands were omnipotent. The grave premier put on velvet and lace, and handled his three-cornered hat trimmed with feathers with the air of a gentleman about to make his appearance on the boards of Covent Garden as my *Lord Townly*. The duke—the great man of Europe—seemed a little puzzled in his fine dress and strange garments, but went through the business with his accustomed nerve and the steadiness of an old soldier on drill. We hope no daguerreotype was

near to fix his image as he made his Grandisonian bow to the royal chair.

What could have prompted the queen to command a ball so burlesque? Was it caprice!—the desire to laugh at so quaint a spectacle—the wish to see conjured up, as in vision, the court of a century back—the desire of novelty—or, oh! ye Graces of Fashion! is there in truth a design, as we hear it whispered, to introduce again powder and patches, snuff and poodles?

We pretend not to pierce into court mysteries; but another motive may be suggested beyond those that refer to the personal pleasures of her majesty. By throwing the ball costumes into another age all had to be newly furnished for both sexes; and some twelve or fourteen hundred gorgeous dresses, made of the most splendid materials, must have given some stimulus to the trade of Spitalfields and Westminster.

It is only to be regretted that the public, when these rare festivities occur, should share in none of the enjoyment of them—even by the animated sketches which a skilful pen could draw, if representatives of the press were afforded ordinary opportunity of observation. It is neither wise nor gracious to deny the caterers for public amusement the only facilities which could enable them to communicate to the general community correct impressions of the pageant, in language somewhat less stilted and formal than that employed by the ceremonious gentleman known as the court newsmen. To be sure, there is the less ground of a complaint in this case, as his style is not altogether unsuited to the days of hoops and brocades, amber snuff-boxes, and clouded canes.—*Britannia*.

From the Critic.

Guernsey Economy; or a Peep at our Neighbors.
London. 1845.

A FAMILY, who have lived a little too fast in London, fly to Guernsey to practise economy and retrenchment, perhaps to be out of the reach of duns, bailiffs, *et id genus omne*. The lady of the household, who is evidently a lively, spirited chatter-pie, has set down her experiences of life in Guernsey, prefacing them with a vivid sketch of the miseries endured by those who, having lived beyond their incomes, see ruin stealing upon them month by month, but want the courage to strip the foe of his terrors by meeting him half-way, and grappling with him before he has grown to be invincible.

We pass over the picture of the change of circumstances that compelled the change of abode, and at once accompany the family of the writer to their neat apartments in Guernsey, where the most surprising incident to them was the payment of ready money! The next business was “to look round on our new position and find fault with everything we see.”

But time works wonders. As the memory of London luxury diminished, and familiarity rubbed off the feeling of strangeness, many objects began to excite interest and yield pleasure. Especially noted were

THE PEOPLE OF GUERNSEY.

The women are *very* pretty; their faces of more classic form and feature than we meet commonly in England; and they all dress well. The men are of a more clumsy material; the beau is fat and foppish; the family man very like the

pictures of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. There is much beauty in the children; and an evident care is taken with their appearance, even among the lower orders; their hair is curled, and their clothes are in good taste; and one is puzzled to know when is this care given.

The countrywomen dress in the old English style—a costume with us nearly worn out. But here is still to be seen the black mode bonnet, most elaborate in its build, and under it the neatly plaited cap: the quilted short petticoat, the short linen jacket for hard work, and the chintz gown, open in front, and drawn through the pocket-holes, for best; they call it the Guernsey fashion; but we remember, some *hundred and fifty years ago*, when the old gude gran'dam of the farmhouse wore this very self-same dress in England.

The market women are picturesque in the extreme—moving figures of Cuypp!—seated between their panniers on their rough punchy horses—their saddles a plaited mat—their bridle a halter; and when they speak French as thy pass, it adds to the captivation of the picture. How little these people do with, in comparison to our market folks at home! And yet how poor we are, with our leather side-saddles, our upper skirts to look like a habit, and our artificial flowers withinside our bonnets, bringing out the blushes in our blowsy cheeks, with very shame at such folly. There is nothing of this here: and surely, after all, the grand secret of growing rich—the true philosopher's stone is, to do with this little.

House-rent is dear—that is, the same as in England; but there are no taxes. For 40*l.* a year can be procured “a good residence with two sitting-rooms and five bed-rooms, an excellent garden full of fruit, and in a good situation.” Upholsterers will furnish them for hire.

The country looks exactly like England, only the cattle are tethered. The farm-houses are the same; so are the roads and hedges.

The markets are abundantly supplied, with fish especially, but prices are high. Beef 5*d.* to 8*d.*; mutton 6*d.* to 8*d.*; pork, 6*d.* to 7*d.*; butter, 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; potatoes, 1*s.* 3*d.* per bushel; turkeys, 4*s.* to 7*s.*; ducks, 3*s.* to 4*s.*; fowls, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* So far, in the substantial of existence, Guernsey is at least as dear as an English country town.

Taxed articles of foreign produce are, of course, very much cheaper there than at home; and the list is instructive, as showing practically the results of free trade. Lump sugar 4*d.* to 6*d.*; moist sugar 4*d.* to 5*d.*; tea 3*s.* to 5*s.*; coffee 1*s.* to 1*s.* 2*d.*; rice, 4*d.*; currants, 8*d.*; sherry 26*s.* per dozen; claret 26*s.*; champagne, 45*s.*; port, 20*s.*; Marsala, 12*s.*; cognac, 6*s.* per bottle; cigars 10*s.* per hundred for best Havanas.

There are no poor in Guernsey, consequently no poor-rates. “Why,” exclaims our authoress, “do not those who scarcely know how to live in England come here, where, with common prudence and a small family, three hundred pounds a year is an ample income? With this you might educate one or two sons, live sumptuously, and not lose caste. No one seems to spend more.”

The climate is warmer than that of England. “We have seen orange-trees in the open air, against a sheltered wall, eight feet high.”

Such is the *substance* of this volume of 375 pages. All the rest is the smallest of small talk. Our authoress is an adept in the art of book-spinning. Never do we remember to have seen so many

words containing so few thoughts. The manner, indeed, is graceful and winning, but the matter is the most frivolous and diluted we have lighted upon for many a month.

From the Critic.

The Waif a Collection of Poems. Third edition. 1845. Cambridge, U. S. Owen; London. Wiley and Putnam.

THE rarest book in our language is a collection of good poetry. The most valuable contribution to our literature would be a volume comprising the gems—and the gems only—of British song. The defect of all the many gatherings that have been submitted to the public lies, not so much in the absence of the excellent, as in the presence of the worthless. Selections have been made with too much liberality. The gatherer of a wreath of poems cannot be too choice and exclusive. His rule should be to reject wherever a doubt arises as to the title to admission. Yet has not the failure arisen from want of the aid of persons apparently peculiarly competent for the task. Poets, such as Campbell, and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, have tried, but have proved no better judges of merit than they who never attempted verse. A collection of the beauties of the British poets is yet, and we fear will long continue to be, a desideratum in our literature.

The Waif is certainly the best we have yet seen, and it comes to us from across the Atlantic. The demand for a third edition in a few months indicates that the public have discovered its worth, and shows with what cordial welcome a yet more complete and tasteful collection would be received. Although no name of editor appears upon the title-page of *The Waif*, there can be little doubt, from the place of its publication, and the proem, which he has avowed, that Longfellow's mind presided over the choice. The poems are not numerous, but, without exception, they have claims upon our notice for their originality or their beauty. The printer has partaken the spirit of the editor, and the typography is worthy of the thoughts to which it gives a local habitation. It is a volume which the lover of poetry will be sure to look upon as a treasure.

Most of the poems are already familiar to our readers. But Longfellow's poem was written for the occasion so lately as December last, and possessing much novelty of thought, and not a little true poetry, while it is certain to be new to everybody, we extract it. [It has already been copied into the *Living Age*.]

A STUDY FROM NATURE.—The beautiful statue of the “Greek Slave,” by Mr. Power, has excited such universal admiration, that a companion to it, we understand, will shortly be exhibited by the same artist, under the title of the “American Slave.” It is the figure of a negro, with his hands fastened with a chain, on the manacles of which is cut the American Eagle. Round his back is wrapped the national flag, on which the stripes are conspicuously displayed. The crouching attitude of the figure is most wonderfully depicted, but the statue is most to be admired for its powerful truth and unaffected simplicity. We have been assured by gentlemen, who have frequently visited the land of liberty, that they have never seen anything so wonderfully true to nature. —Punch.

From the Critic.

Spain, Tangier, &c., visited in 1840 and 1841.
By X. Y. Z. London, 1845. S. Clarke.

THESE letters have at least one recommendation—they were never intended for publication. They are not elaborated impromptu—there is no affectation of ease—they do not borrow learning from the guide-book, in the hope that it may be mistaken for the researches of the writer. They are *real* letters, addressed to a near relative by one of a family party during a tour of some three or four years, intended for the eye of that relative only, therefore written with the freedom and liveliness that are the charm of such outpourings of the mind in its undress, when it speaks as it feels, and tells of its impressions rather than of its thoughts.

The editor advises his readers that he has exercised the prerogatives of his office, and erased divers passages relating to family affairs, as well as some personalities, the publication of which would appear to violate the sanctity of private life, and he apologizes by anticipation for inaccuracies, as the writer is not now in this country, and could not correct his MS. But of these there are very few.

The first letter is dated from Biaritz, after divers excursions into the Pyrenees, between which and the Alps a comparison is drawn. The former want the vastness, the icy peaks and broad blue lakes of the latter; nor have they the picturesque Swiss cottages and costume. The Pyrenees, on the other hand, rejoice in greener and more various foliage, their valleys are more luxuriant, and the coloring is richer.

From Madrid, the writer transmits intelligence of the extreme disappointment he had experienced, and the overthrow by the sad vision of the reality of all his romance relative to Spain and the Spaniards! No serenades, no guitars, no inquisition, no monks, no assassinations! And as for the costume, somebody, he says, ought to be indicted for fraudulent practices in bringing people great distances under false pretences. Hats, trousers, and swallow-tails are as plentiful as in Regent-street. Occasionally a muleteer or a water-carrier passes with a conical hat, light jacket, gay ribands, and sandalled soles, but he looks as if he were ashamed to be seen so out of fashion. The very mantilla is abjured by the ladies, who borrow the latest style from Paris. Nay, the writer affirms that the brilliant beauty whose glances were once so destructive from behind the covert of the mantilla has vanished also.

In Spain there are three classes of travellers; those who go in the *diligencias*; those who go on mule-back, paying so much a day for their mule; and those who go *as luggage* on a mule, paying *by weight*! The diligence seems to be similar in its appointments to those which are familiar to every tourist. It was in the coupée of this vehicle that our "correspondent" took his place, and thus enjoying an extensive view of the country, he was astonished at its apparent poverty, and the entire absence of gentlemen's seats, even in the neighborhood of such a city as Madrid, and of branch roads in some two or three days' journey he counted but two. The travellers they passed were unfrequent, but instead of them they met parties of ruffian-looking, peaked-hat fellows, armed to the teeth, the guards of the road, and who are reported to be retired banditti, kept honest by the calculation that their pay is more than they could hope to

gain by plunder.

Travelling accommodations are not the best in Europe. A specimen is thus pleasantly described:—

"As it was, however, we enjoyed a specimen of something not far removed from the true, comfortable Spanish posada; with its dark staircase rising from the rambling mule stable; its bare, dirty, furnitureless rooms, and its wretched truckle beds, bedecked with a single cotton blanket and solitary wool mattress. Mattress, indeed, I am wrong to call it: it is a *sack*, containing a due number of *lumps* of wool, which you may commodiously arrange through a slit in the upper surface, *left for the purpose*; and on which—if you can sleep on a bag of potatoes—you may get as much of a night's rest as the battalions of *voltigeurs* in attendance upon your couch will permit. After a night spent as mine was at Fresnillo, under the discipline of these same light troops, I could readily understand how the united efforts of the myriads of Lilliputians could succeed in chaining great Gulliver on his back: though, indeed, the united efforts of my *voltigeurs* had a very opposite, but an equally powerful effect upon me; their reiterated and persevering attacks, first on one spot, then on another, exciting me to the performance of a succession of gymnastic exercises, such as I never went through before, and hope never to execute again."

The fare was wretched; vegetables swimming in oil, animal messes redolent of garlic, and very tough fowls, composed the daily dinner. The oil, in this land of olives, was invariably rancid, and the reason alleged is characteristic of the people. There are not presses enough, and the olives lie together till they ferment.

The first impression of Madrid is that of poverty and dirt in its suburbs, and considerable splendor in its finest parts, marred, however, by the custom of guarding all the lower windows with thick iron bars, like a prison.

"The inhabitants of this city convey to me the notion of a people having nothing to do; such myriads of all kinds and classes (except the more fashionable dames, who rarely at any season go out till late) lounging incessantly backwards and forwards, not walking as if they had somewhere to walk to; not men with earnest faces, hurrying to business, but figures moving slow and stately, as if intent on nothing but enjoying the sun. The only palpable exceptions are the poor blind song and pamphlet criers, bawling '*á dos cuartos*' everywhere in your ear; and the military with their brass bands, playing admirably, and indeed really pretty music, but unfortunately often with instruments out of tune."

Our author agrees with every other visitor in the opinion that the power of priestcraft has passed away forever from Spain. He affirms that the idea entertained in England of the immoral lives of the monks falls very far short of the reality. The middle classes of Spain entertain the deepest abhorrence of despotism, whether spiritual or political, and their will must ultimately prevail in any country having a constitutional form of government.

Shall we call it improvement or degeneracy that has humanized somewhat

THE MODERN BULL-FIGHT!

"I considered myself fortunate in having hit upon a day when the greater part of the 'sport' consisted, not in the regular bull-fight, but in a sort of play with young bulls, (*Narillos*, as they are

called,) which had balls on their horns, so that they could not seriously injure either man or beast; and which were themselves led off after a given time, also unhurt. The manner of their retreat was curious. A small drove of tamed, educated bulls were let in; these immediately made a circle about the wild animal, who was glad enough to get back to his kind; and then off they all trotted together. During part of this more harmless species of entertainment the populace were admitted into the arena, and some hundreds of them ran about with the amazed beast, while he dashed in all directions through them, 'fluttering them like an eagle in a dove-cote;' or, to adopt a humbler comparison, playing a capital game of blindman's-buff with them. This is more literally accurate than you perhaps think; as the creature, when he makes a rush, closes his eyes; a fact in which chiefly consists the safety of those at whom he aims. It was by no means unentertaining to see him—now dart at one—now burst off to another—here throw down a whole string at once of the most venturesome—there give a slight and graceful toss to some other who had come inopportunely within his reach—yet apparently never hurting anybody; unless, indeed, these brother wild-beasts have nine lives like a cat, for they all got up when struck, and ran as nimbly as Paddy does after his head is broken."

His judgment of Spanish music is that it is deficient in soul; but little of it is national; most of the songs are in a vulgar, jaunty style; the few pretty airs that exist are already familiar in England. The hunt after good books was almost equally unsuccessful. In the *useful* departments of literature there is nothing; the drama alone flourishes. The general character of recent writings is described as "jejune, possessed of but little depth of thought, their wit often forced, their style wordy, and sometimes not a little conceited." Translations from foreign literature have been recently attempted with success. Among them, Miss Martineau's *Tales on Political Economy* have been very popular. This is the

CHARACTER OF CHRISTINA.

"As for Christina, she seems to meet with little commendation or respect; and to deserve less. I have rarely known any one so generally ill-spoken of. Her own immediate partisans seek to justify her of course; but by everybody else, she is represented as an ill-conducted, selfish, and rapacious woman. Her insatiable love of money is a general subject of conversation. She is said to have sent incalculable sums out of the country, and to have done so for years before she quitted it. It is even asserted she stripped the royal palaces of their ornaments, &c.; an example which has, they say, been copied by various minor fry.

"An amusing instance of her stinginess in small matters has been related to us on what we cannot but consider as excellent authority. On the occasion of some disturbance in Madrid, all the ministers suddenly repaired to the palace and remained there three days and nights. The hour of refreshment on the first day came: they called for dinner;—there was none. Astonished, they asked for a little cold meat merely,—there was none: *** for anything to allay their hunger,—there was nothing. The servants were on board-wages, there was nothing! in the palace of the Queen of Spain! and the ministers actually lived during the three days on food procured from a neighboring French shop!!

"Our informant went on to say that the queen

would wear one gown almost all the year round; and had been known to mend the little queen's shoes with her own hands. What absurd incongruity in such a person having her dwelling in the immense and splendid edifice here appropriated to royalty."

The equipages of the higher gentry are extremely handsome, differing from our own only in their greater showiness of decoration; the horses are covered with gay trappings. A better idea of the condition of this wretched country will be gathered from the brief but graphic sketch of

A ROYAL PROCESSION.

"The day the little queen made her entry into the town (on the 26th October) after her mother's abdication and desertion, the procession on the occasion would have made the veriest cynic smile. Our hotel is so situated, near the Calle de Alcalá, that I had a view of the triumphal procession from our balcony. First came an awfully fine carriage containing a couple of over-dressed children; then a troop of half-naked bedizened dancing girls, performing their weary evolutions on the cold stones; next, the state coach with the little queen and her sister, and two lady attendants; then a troop of dragoons; and then some dozen or so of vehicles of a most beggarly and break-down description, drawn by garrons, short-eared and long-eared, that could hardly lift a leg, and driven by men in plain dirty clothes, more like paupers than coachmen. These *elegant* conveyances (which I conclude were hired articles, corresponding to what used in London to be called glass coaches) were stuffed full of officers and civil officials. A lengthy column of military, in patched and tattered uniforms, closed up the rear."

The climate of Madrid is cold, the air keen, and rendered even painful by the want of due provision for warming the houses. The natives preserve animal heat by coiling themselves up in cloaks, and lying about idle till the cold relaxes. Altogether our author considers Madrid the dearest and most uncomfortable of the capitals of Europe; the only good eatable being the game, which is abundant and well-flavored.

Society in Madrid is anything but attractive. The Spaniards are no entertainers. Dinner-parties are almost unknown, and balls are few, save at the carnival.

"Genuine Spanish society, from what I have experienced or can learn of it, consists at all times rather in what we should call *visiting* morning or evening, than in the giving of parties.

"The common *Tertulia* is usually nothing more than the meeting together in the evening, without any express invitation, of half-a-dozen or a dozen intimates, who chat or work, and now and then sing or play cards for a couple of hours or so. It is frequently the habit for a little coterie of eight or ten to arrange in this way to pass the evenings by turns at each other's houses; all collecting one day at one house, the next at another, and so on."

Our traveller was much struck with the absence of English in Madrid. Two years before, only twenty-five British residents were in Madrid; in three or four months, he met only half-a-dozen passing visitants.

Of the natives, some few of the ladies of high rank are beautiful; but in a given number there are not nearly so many handsome women as in England. The utmost profligacy prevails in the loftiest classes; the middle classes are a trifle better; but both are improving.

Education is at a low ebb, but that also is progressing. About eight years since, Madrid contained *two* libraries and *seventy-one* convents. Those who desire to have their daughters well taught are obliged to send them to England or France. At this moment many of the oldest grandees cannot write. This class is equally degenerate in body as in mind, and as mean in estate as in person. Bribery prevails universally; every official has his price. The very judges sell themselves to the best bidder. Still, with all their defects, our traveller noticed some

GOOD POINTS OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

"There seems to me to be much more nature and simplicity about the Spaniards; much sincerity and frankness in their social relations; great kindness of disposition and amiability of temper; and an unaffected wish to oblige and serve strangers, in all things save in that which *we* are too often inclined to consider the touchstone of good-will—entertaining, *i. e.* feasting; spending their money and health upon them—commonly called hospital-ity. I should say, too, that though, from deficient education, Spaniards, and especially Spanish women, are often common-place and trifling in conversation, they are far from being without natural talent."

We must take another peculiarity which we do not remember to have seen recorded by any other tourist:

ODD STREET NAMES AT MADRID.

"Some of the names of the old streets are very odd and amusing, reminding one of the 'Praise-God-Barebones' days in our own land. What think you of such as '*Aunque os pese*' ('Although it may distress you;')—'*Noramala vayas*' (short for '*En hora mala vayas*,' or, as we should express it, 'Get along and be h—d to you!')—'*Valgame Dios*' (untranslatable; best rendered by 'God bless us!')—'*Ancha* [or *Angosta*] *de los peligros*' ('Broad [or narrow] street of dangers;')—'*Aguardiente*' ('Brandy;')—'*Primavera y Damas*' ('Spring and the Ladies;')—'*Subida de los Angeles*' ('Ascent of the Angels;')—'*Sal si Puedes*' ('Get out if you can!')"

Conveniences for locomotion are very scanty; there are no hackney coaches, omnibuses, or conveyances for hire for short periods.

From Madrid our traveller proceeded to Seville, and on the way met with an adventure which well illustrates the character of the country. A little after midnight the vehicle stuck in the mud, and produced a strange display of

SPANISH PHEGM.

"When the accident first happened there was a little hullaballo—a little talking and swearing for a minute or two, and then all was quiet. We sat quiet too, knowing *we* could do nothing, and expecting of course in a few minutes to find efforts making to extricate us from our ridiculous position. Time went on—yet not a stir! * * * 'This stillness seems queer,' said I to myself. 'Have the fellows left us here all alone in the mud in the dead of the night! or are we put into this large hole on purpose to be the reader food for their friends the bandits? I'll know how the matter stands.' So I wriggled myself out of the manifold wrappers which were making a mummy of me, and looked out. The animals had all *gone to sleep!* mayoral, muleteer, guards, passengers, MULES AND ALL! they apparently expected a miracle to draw

us out. There they were, (the men, not the mules,) all packed up comfortably, their handkerchiefs tied over their heads—the guides inserted under the shelter of the luggage at the back of the carriage, snoring nineteen to the dozen. * * * The case was hopeless. * * * I drew my head back again into its shell and tried to *go to sleep too!* though being 'badly habituated,' as the shopman said in Madrid, I cannot affirm that I succeeded in the attempt. * * * 'It is my first lesson, however,' I whispered encouragingly to myself, —'I shall do better next time.'"

For nine hours they thus remained, till oxen were procured and relieved them from their "fix."

Amid many annoyances, Spanish travelling has one luxury. Custom-house investigations are mere make-believes; the officer puts his hand into the bag, to the depth of some three inches, and drawing it out again, bows, and intimates that all is right. Query—Is there a fee for this?

Seville does not equal expectation. The town is far from handsome; the streets are wretchedly narrow; "the *silvery* Guadalquivir" is a muddy stream. But the houses are remarkable for cleanliness; they are whitewashed outside and in several times a year. No apartment escapes this purification; even the drawing-rooms are whitewashed! But cleanliness may be carried a little too far. The neighborhood is by no means picturesque; and even the orange-groves, so charming in poetry, are beautiful evergreen orchards and no more; the trees do not equal fine laurels in height. If they were grown as are the shrubs in our parks, mingled with lofty trees and various foliage, they might deserve the epithets of the poets; but planted, as here, in long straight rows, as closely as they can stand together, they are extremely disappointing to the romantic ideas of the traveller.

But there is an arrangement which makes the interior of Seville houses more charming than aught that can be found out of them.

THE HOUSE-GARDENS OF SEVILLE.

"Figure to yourself, in every gentleman's mansion, a large square inner court, paved beautifully with marble, surrounded by elegant marble pillars, (behind which runs on all sides a broad, covered, and marble-floored corridor,) and filled with every sort of lovely odorous shrub and flower—a graceful fountain playing in the midst. In the day-time, during hot weather, the sun is kept from this treasured spot by awnings spread overhead. Here, in this delicious, oriental sort of drawing-room, on seats and sofas placed in the encircling gallery, sit the family during the summer evenings, with their musical instruments and their friends about them, breathing the pure air of heaven to refresh them after the heats of the burning day."

Our traveller minutely describes the various sights of this city. Among other novelties, he witnessed a dance in the cathedral! He attended some private parties of the gentry, and notices the absence of ostentation which prevailed there. No other refreshments were provided than some water and sugar, and a little lemonade.

From Seville our tourist passed by Cadiz to Tangier; and thus graphically does he describe the

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BARBARY.

"Everything here is striking in place and people:—The Moorish woman in her enveloping *haik*, from under which one eye alone is allowed to see the day:—the stately, fine-countenanced Moor, much fairer than the southern Spaniard; with

his red cap and white turban, his waistcoat and capacious shorts of blue or red cloth, his scarf round his waist, his white or colored woollen mantle, (father of the Spanish cloak,) and his yellow slippers on his unstocked feet:—the fierce, wild-looking, half-naked Reefian, with his bare shaved head, whence hangs but one long, wild lock, by which the angel Gabriel is to pull him into Paradise: the sharp Algerine, in his brilliant well-fitting body-clothes, embroidered jacket, loose short calico trousers, colored stockings, and rich red sash: the long-nosed, black-capped, black-slipped, straight-gowned Jew; as ill-treated, as cunning, as industrious, and as rich proportionably, as he is everywhere else:—the Negro, merry in his slavery!

"Then the sheds which serve for shops! where kooskoosoo, walnuts, dates, butter, (*what butter!*) soap, (*what funny soap!*)—in large, shapeless masses, looking like light-colored treacle just solidified,) currants, figs, &c., are all helped by the same five fingers, cleansed only, if at all, on the back of the never-failing cat, and leaving their prints deep clawed into the unctuous heaps:—the pottery, carrying you back in imagination to Herculaneum and Pompeii:—the huge, ungainly, gentle 'ships of the desert' crowding into the *Soco*, from Fez on fair day; their bales of goods strewing the ground, and the little tents of their masters pitched about them:—the coffee-houses, where in one small room, matted on the floor, and on the walls as high as the head, as many men squat down as the space will hold, sipping coffee or tea, and chewing opium; to the music of a wretched two-stringed instrument, (the original, doubtless, of the Spanish guitar,) a machine struck with sticks, a clapping of hands, and a cracked voice or two doling out at intervals one monotonous stave: * * * But I must stop; for I should never have done if I were to go on enumerating all the strange things which distinguish this land of Barbary."

Life and property are represented as extremely insecure. No foreigner could venture to walk half a mile out of the town without a guard, and many instances are narrated of robberies and assassinations occurring under the very nose of the government. In Tangier there is no distinction of ranks, save as regards those who are of royal blood; no education, and scarcely perceptible differences of intelligence, manners, habits, or pursuits.

Among other introductions, admission was obtained into the sacred apartment of the wife of one of the wealthiest of the native merchants. The dame received her English visitors very civilly. She was, in the Moorish meaning of the term, beautiful, that is, very fat and very slovenly.

Having satisfied his curiosity, our traveller returned to Spain, and by a dangerous route, infested with brigands, proceeded to Granada. The roads were wretched, and the wayside inns bespoke the low ebb of civilization.

"At these, travellers, instead of being met as elsewhere by the proprietors of the house or their servants, shown into whatever room there may be at their service, and asked what they require, are left to shift for themselves as completely as if the inn did not belong to any one present, and as if it were a matter of the most perfect indifference to the owner whether they entered it or not, or whether they lived or died. You are met by nobody—conducted nowhere—asked nothing. You must find your own way in, and your way out

stairs; and if you want a *cuarto* to sleep in, you must *take it*, and then it is only by dint of unceasing and vigorous efforts, that at the end of an hour perhaps, you can succeed in getting anything whatever, even a chair, brought into the 'abomination of desolation' you have chosen. Nay, for this miserable *cuarto* itself, if there be any scarcity of accommodation, you must fight. I use the word in the singular number advisedly; since it is the fact that no *one party* travelling by a diligencia is allowed, on common occasions, to occupy more than *one* sleeping-room—no matter how numerous the members of the party may be, or how various their ages and sexes, provided it be within the limits of possibility to stretch beds for them all within the four walls."

The Alhambra was visited, of course, and is minutely described, as are other objects of interest in Granada. The morals of the people are represented as at the lowest ebb. Robberies are unblushingly committed in the very streets; the magistracy are as corrupt as those they are appointed to punish, and a striking instance is narrated.

"A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that, shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go up and fetch it. He woke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves, and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the *alcalde* of his *pueblo*, or village, to call him to make his examinations. The *alcalde* was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He then went on to a third: neither was this one to be found, nor did anybody know anything of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home, and prepared to bury the men himself, when, on taking off the masks which had concealed their faces, lo! and behold—THERE LAY THE THREE *ALCALDES*!!!"

The country round is extremely rich; the corn high, close, and fine, and the plain thickly planted with all kinds of fruit-trees, which produce luxurious crops. Further inland, the people appeared to be more civilized; the farms were neat and thriving, and the signs of plenty and comfort were visible everywhere.

It will be unnecessary to attend our traveller through the short remainder of his tour. From the notes we have made, as we have followed him so far, it will be apparent that he is an intelligent, and agreeable companion, and that his letters may be advantageously introduced into the library and the book-club.

POWER OF MACHINERY.—At Calicut, in the East Indies—whence the cotton cloth called *calico* derives its name—the price of labor is one seventh of that in England; yet the market is supplied from British looms.—*Babbage.*

In Pratt's edition of Bishop Hall's works, there is a glossary, comprehending upwards of 1100 articles, of obsolete or unusual words employed by him.